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IT is public opinion which in the last analysis created the Washington Conference, gave power to Mr. Hughes's proposals, and even now is forcing the assembled elder statesmen to deal realistically with submarine and other problems which they evidently had not intended to face. It is public opinion also which must finally determine the merits or demerits of President Harding's suggestion of annual conferences which may broaden into a new association of nations. Senator Borah has already advanced serious objections to such an association, comparing it with the League of Nations. Some machinery for international action there must be; the important thing is the spirit which inspires it and the uses to which it is directed. We opposed the League of Nations not because it was international, but because it was innately imperialistic. America's entrance into it would have served only to underwrite the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. Any association by whatever name will be as obnoxious if it is merely a mask for the exploitation of Central Europe or a disguise for an imperialist Anglo-Japanese-American alliance to exploit Asia. Yet there is an intense, immediate need for international understanding in the economic field. If a break-up of Western civilization is to be avoided, political schemes and rival ambitions must be forgotten long enough for mankind to set its monetary system in order, else fiscal collapse will kill the whole industrial system and Central Europe revert "to the conditions of rural Asia Minor or the Balkans." From such a collapse, as Mr. James Simpson, vice-president of Marshall Field and Co., has recently pointed out, America cannot emerge scatheless. Not even disarmament is so urgent as international conference and action on this economic problem.

WHAT could be more confusing than the business situation? On the one hand there is a booming bond market with apparently unlimited funds awaiting investment, together with signs of approaching recovery in the stock market. With this goes much optimistic talk of decreasing unemployment and of gradual industrial recovery. On the other hand, the bank situation has not improved much and some banks, under official orders are forced to write off as losses large "frozen credits"; the railroad situation does not improve materially despite some decreases in rates. Then the Republicans have at last forced through a tax bill which pleases nobody, and they are still bent on getting through an old-fashioned tariff bill which is the worst thing that could possibly be done for the economic recovery of the United States and of Europe. Finally, the situation in Europe is obviously getting so much worse that it offers no real prospect of better conditions here.

M. BRIAND thunders against militarist Germany. He has to; his office is dependent upon the support of a militarist Chamber elected in the hating days of 1919. But his bark is worse than his bite; he supports the Loucheur-Rathenau agreements for payment in kind by Germany, which are in effect a treaty of economic alliance; and under the auspices of his Cabinet a joint delegation of French and German workingmen recently made a tour of the regions under reconstruction, and then made a joint proposal for German labor aid in reconstruction. Meanwhile French public opinion is rapidly shifting, and the Chamber no longer represents the mind of France. The prefect of the Somme has reported to the Government that the mayors of the ruined villages in his department assure him that the refugees in their towns would welcome German labor. And two districts of Paris, called upon to elect members of the Municipal Council, have just returned mutineers of the Black Sea fleet which in 1919 refused to fire upon the Bolsheviks—one of them by a vote of three to one against the super-patriotic bloc national candidate.

FRANCE and Turkey have made peace. The treaty lays down the new frontiers; France agrees that her troops will evacuate Cilicia; another clause provides, in the futile way that modern treaties do, for the protection of minorities. It is a most innocent document, devoid of any suspicion of political or economic imperialism. But, by a

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curious coincidence, the Foreign Minister of the Turkish Government, Mr. Yussuf Kemal Bey, who signed the treaty for Turkey, wrote a note to M. Franklin-Bouillon, who signed the treaty for France, on the same day on which the treaty was signed; and in this note he declared:

> Desiring to further the development of the material interests of the two countries, my Government instructs me to inform you that it is disposed to grant the concession for the iron, chrome, and silver mines in the Harchite Valley, for a term of 99 years, to a group of French capitalists which, within five years of the signature of the treaty, would proceed to develop the concession under Turkish laws and would permit Turkish participation up to 50 per cent of the stock. Furthermore, the Turkish Government is prepared to examine with the greatest benevolence other offers which may be made by French groups for concessions of mines, railroads, ports, and riverways, so long as these suggestions conform to the interests of Turkey and of France. Furthermore, Turkey desires French specialists . . . , etc.

We suppose that the treaty will, in accord with the Covenant of the League of Nations, be registered at Geneva, and that the note will not. And yet we have a suspicion that the note is more important than the treaty, and far more illuminating as to the ways in which modern Powers do business, and the interests which dictate their policies.

STRANGE alliances mark these modern days. In Belgium Socialists and Catholics are electoral allies on the issues of short military service, no French alliance, and equal rights for the Flemish language; there is a Socialist-Catholic coalition government in the city of Antwerp headed by an able Catholic radical, M. van Cauwelaert. The Catholic and Liberal parties joined forces to vote woman suffrage, while the Socialists, who saw in it a conservative force, threw their strength against it. The recent election was the first national election in which women voted, and the results were as had been expected. The Catholics gained; the Liberals and the Socialists lost. More significant is the fact that the Flamingants in the Catholic and Socialist parties and the extreme Flemish Front party, held their own. Flemish national feeling has too often been pictured in this country as a product of war-time German intrigue; it existed long before the war, and has developed since despite intense counter-propaganda by the French—an election appeal signed by Maurice Maeterlinck and others denounced the Flamingants as attacking "the French language, that indispensable instrument of high culture and of economic expansion [sic], which is to the respectable Flemish language what the master-key of a palace is to the bolt of a peasant's hut." A post-war law has established Flemish as the official administrative language in the postal, fiscal, customs, and other services in Flanders; and the defeat of the Liberals at the election may mean the substitution of a Flemish for the French university at Ghent, and abandonment of the military entente with France.

IN 1756 Siraj-ud-Daula, Nawab of Bengal, imprisoned 146 Englishmen all night in a guardroom, measuring 18 feet by 14 feet 10 inches, with only two tiny windows. In the morning all but 23 were dead. The memory of that Black Hole of Calcutta lives in millions of minds; it is a symbol of horror to men who know nothing of the incident which gave rise to it; it has been used a thousand times as justification of European rule in India. And now, under a liberal and supposedly humane British Government, 100 Moplah prisoners have been left overnight in a closed British railway wagon, so suffocating that in the morning 64 of them were dead. Do the British shudder with horror and go into sackcloth and ashes that civilized white men should repeat the horrors of a century and a half ago? Do their leaders follow Gandhi in fasting in penitence for the excesses of their followers? No more than after Amritsar. The Associated Press reports that "the London press has almost ignored the affair." The London *Times* correspondent says that "it is the general opinion in Madras that the wagon was unfit for its purpose and that at any rate it was a mistake to put so many prisoners in it at once." Clive did not feel so mildly after the Black Hole of Calcutta. Nor did Gandhi comment so lightly on the far more excusable riots in Bombay.

HERE are facts taken from sworn testimony before the New York Transit Commission which the *Subway Sun* has failed to set before the weary strap-hanger in an effort to solace his feelings: In the eighteen years of its life the Interborough Rapid Transit Company has received a net income of $67,867,878.48 and has paid out $65,625,000 in dividends—this on an actual cash investment by stockholders of $21,620,000. During the last three years it has paid $7,000,000 in dividends out of past surplus—while borrowing money for expenses. During the same eighteen years the company paid $75,336,000 to a holding company —which did no work at all—for rental of the elevated lines. This is within $4,000,000 of the original cost of the lines, and the lease has 900 years to run! The Interborough carries on its books as an asset the stock of the New York and Queens Company at $2,895,160, though that company has a deficit of $4,667,949. It has told the public that it needed higher fares because of the increased cost of labor, yet it persuaded its employees to accept a reduction of $2,600,000, out of which it promptly paid $390,000 to bankers who demanded one per cent more on a loan. Its publicity campaign for higher fares was charged against operating expenses. For the New Yorker the chief moral of such revelations is the necessity of eliminating the old transit ring from the management of the public service of transportation. For Americans generally the moral ought to be a deepened distrust of corporation financing and corporation publicity. First the packers, and now the Interborough, prove that the corporation's publicity man is most to be distrusted when he is most voluble. In view of these revelations what shall we think of the present publicity campaign of railroads and anthracite coal operators?

CONGRESS has at last passed a tax bill which is satisfactory to nobody. It was the resultant of two contending forces, the Administration and the agricultural bloc. neither of which could work out its ideas. Whether it will raise the amount of money necessary to run the Government nobody knows, for no one yet knows how much money it will take to run the government or how much revenue the bill will produce. Mr. Simmons stated in debate: "The actuary of the Treasury tells me that the bill . . . will involve a deficit for this fiscal year of possibly not over $51,000,000, but that when the bill gets in full operation as it will be in the fiscal year 1923 there will be a deficit of $170,000,000." That is only one guess on a subject concerning which no one can be certain because of our lack of a proper budget system. The Senate had the negative virtue of defeating the sales

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tax, but Republican leaders prophesy the adoption at the next session of such a tax to pay the soldiers' bonus. This scheme is cunningly devised to abate popular opposition to a tax which always tends to be passed on to the consumer and is usually multiplied in the process. Of course under such a tax the poor man pays relatively more than the rich, since his purchases are greater in proportion to his income and any increase in the cost of his living is harder to bear. Yet the tax is generally supported by the press, which affirms but does not prove that it is "absorbed" before it reaches the consumer. Is it a coincidence that the tax is also more popular than high income taxes with business enterprises which are great advertisers?

ONCE more there is a strike in the coal fields owned by the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. It is occasioned by a 30 per cent wage cut. The company officials claim that the cut was made solely in order to make possible a lower price on coal, which was to stimulate buying and so give the men four days of work a week instead of one. They also claim that the employees endorsed the plan under Mr. Rockefeller's famous scheme of representation. Evidently men do not strike as they vote in paternalistic company unions, for even the company admits that more than 50 per cent of the men have struck. Most sinister was the action of Governor Shoup in declaring martial law one day before the strike began. The commander of the State forces is the notorious Patrick J. Hamrock who was largely responsible for the Ludlow tragedy in 1914. The company says that it will not import strike-breakers, evict strikers from company-owned property, or prevent meetings, and that it did not ask for martial law. In that case it ought to join with decent men everywhere in demanding the end of martial law and the recall of Hamrock. Already the State has begun the same tactics which led to Ludlow. Is not one such massacre enough for Colorado?

WHY does the Southern Negro want the vote? Mr. S. D. Redmond of Jackson, Mississippi, gives one answer: because the disfranchised Negro cannot secure for himself or his children his fair share of educational and social facilities. Mississippi has more Negroes than whites. They are segregated in trains and in all public institutions. According to Mr. Redmond's figures their comparative opportunities in Mississippi may be summarized thus:

	White	Colored
Consolidated rural schools (special training in farming, etc.)	525	none
City high schools	400	one
Agricultural high schools	49	one
State colleges	4	one
Appropriation for higher education	$3,529,479.64	$50,000
Institute for the blind	one	none
Tuberculosis sanitarium	one	none
Reformatory for youthful offenders	one	none
Home for the feeble-minded	one	none

TO be the ruler of an island in the tropics is almost an ideal life, according to the books on the South Seas and other regions where the bong-tree grows. There is nothing to do but equip oneself with a fan and a fig-leaf and lie in the breeze under a breadfruit tree, catching the slices as they fall already toasted and buttered. But latterly even the people of tropical islands have been attacked by that accursed germ of civilization known as pep, and the representative of a far-flung empire has to gird his loins with more than a fig-leaf in order—as the language of the street has it—to get by. For particulars inquire of E. Mont Reily, Governor of Porto Rico, lately returned to America to explain to President Harding why he has not been able to report of his people, à la Gilbert:

> And hand in hand
> On the edge of the sand
> They danced by the light of the moon.

Governor Reily seems to be an amiable gentleman who acquired his knowledge of colonial administration by living in Kansas City. Upon his arrival in Porto Rico a delegation from the dominant party, the Unionists, called and told him what he was to do and what offices they expected to have. Governor Reily resented this, answering with possibly more force than diplomacy, and he turned to the Socialists, among others, for assistance. Now the Unionists are representing in Washington that Governor Reily has been consorting with Bolshevists, while the Governor's friends declare that the Unionists are secessionists and unworthy of American confidence. We shall know more about all this later, but meanwhile the trouble has modified our idea of the joy of life on a tropical island.

ANDREAS LATZKO, exile from his own Budapest, half starved in a Viennese garret after the war. Is it any wonder that he resents—as in his article in the Supplement to this issue of *The Nation*—the extravagance of the foreigners who flock to the shadow-gaiety of that strange corpse of a great capital? Yet there was something very sympathetic in the grace with which a starving people clung to their opera and their art-galleries. After all the musician who sells his bed before he parts with his Steinway has learned more than most of us of the real significance of life. Perhaps it should be pointed out that today Vienna maintains her opera rather as an attraction for foreigners, believing that her continued life depends upon her continuing as a "reception-room for foreigners," upon her becoming a sort of Switzerland, living on hotels and foreign purchases. We like better the proletarian clothes of Moscow's opera than the foreign splendor of Vienna's—but we think it a tribute to the quality of the Russians and the Austrians that in the midst of hunger the operas persist.

THE earlier announcement by *The Dial* that it would offer an annual award of $2,000 in recognition of the service to letters rendered by some young American writer was important and intelligent; equally important and intelligent is the first award itself, which for 1921 goes to Sherwood Anderson. Though judgments will of course differ among various critics as to the wisdom of this particular award, no competent critic can decently deny that Mr. Anderson has made great and steady strides since his first books and that his career is full of admirable promise. He is original, powerful, experimental. At times his ideas have outrun his style and at other times his style has outrun his ideas; he has brooded so desperately over his matter that he has made it now profound and now confusing; in his latest book, however, "The Triumph of the Egg," he has brought beauty and passion and reflection together and given them masterful form and outline. If *The Dial's* award each year finds an artist so promising and helps assure him a period of leisure for further work it can become a priceless element in American literary life.

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What Is Lacking in Washington

MANY things are lacking at the Peace Conference—truth-telling, for instance, and the banishment of diplomatic insincerity. One longs to find in the dispatches the story of some delegate's rising to face the facts of the world as they are. The statesmen who sit around the green tables are precisely the type of men who pride themselves upon their practicality, upon seeing things as they exist, upon knowing just how far, to the inch, the public opinion (or big business) of their respective states will permit them to go. They are neither theorists, nor idealists; their feet "are on the ground." As Mr. Wilson was so fond of saying, they know what they want and how to obtain it. Real politics is their specialty. Were they not chosen to high office because of fitness for leadership?

Well, the simple fact is that these men in Washington are anything but practical. Perhaps this is due to their not being at heart really "sold"—to borrow an advertising phrase—on disarmament, perhaps to their overweening fear lest some one of them get ahead of the others. At any rate, the evidence is clear that on all sides are things that could be done to forward the momentous task in hand if only the men at those tables were not so very great, so very wise, and so very profound. Sometimes it is obvious that little children could lead them. What if some daring iconoclast should rise and utter a few commonplace but true phrases. We believe that panic would follow; that what, but for Mr. Hughes's enlightened and business-like directness of plan and procedure, would be a mere structure of all but useless official formalism would forthwith collapse. One sighs, as one did in perusing the dispatches from Paris, for a few homespun, simple folk to discuss and settle the whole question as it is being talked over and voted on at Newton Four Corners, and in the general store at Sandy Gulch. It seemed as if official formalism did its worst at Paris; alas, it still survives as a mischief maker. What would happen, for instance, if some delegate, noting the demand for it in the powerful New York press, among the Englishmen, and in numerous other quarters, should rise to move the total abolition of the submarine? The fat would, indeed, be in the fire. The whole sacred agenda would tremble in the balance. The Conference would have to ask itself, Why the submarine? and there would be the gravest danger of the submarine being outlawed. Fortunately for the friends of the submarine, no delegate would think of so violating good taste and form; so the submarine is safe and England is allowed more submarines than she really wants.

The "great leaders" have brought with them advisers and councilors, aides-de-camp and scribes, secretaries and under-secretaries. But there is lacking a simple appreciation of the fact that those who should have been banned are the experts, naval and military. Had President Harding been wise he would have invited the Conference to Hot Springs, Virginia, thus taking it out of the atmosphere of officialdom, and have stated in his invitations that inasmuch as no American army or navy officer would be allowed within one hundred and fifty miles of the Conference under pain of court-martial our guests were asked to leave theirs behind—on the cowboy dance principle that "guns" simply must be left outside. From the moment the Hughes plan went to the experts trouble began: Experts must pick flaws else are they not experts and are thus not worth their salaries. And when it comes to consulting experts about plans which, if rightly interpreted, can only mean the beginning of the abolition of the profession to which they belong—well, it is expecting a good deal of human nature to ask that those experts do other than find reasons why any beginning of disarmament should be made as trifling as possible.

There are, however, far more vital things lacking at the Washington Conference than a failure to understand, a fact which Admiral Sims has just pointed out in his address before the Naval War College, namely, that the naval expert is the most ultra-conservative of all experts. Throughout the Conference thus far its artificiality has been disturbed by no single reference to the dangerous economic status of the world. We search in vain the columns of our dailies for a reference to the fact that the old world these statesmen typify is collapsing—is, as Mr. Wells has written, steadily going down into the abyss without as yet a single intelligent effort to stop its descent to Avernus. These men act as if in a sterilized vacuum, as if their proceedings bore no relation to the question of foreign exchange, to the condition of their mostly bankrupt treasuries, to the state of international trade, to the lack of free trade everywhere, to the growing numbers of workers and starving men in Europe, to the threat of a general European collapse in the spring. They talk, like M. Briand, the language of a dead past. Thus the realists are the most unreal; the men of affairs the most detached from the truly vital affairs of the hour; the practical men the most impractical since they shut eyes and ears to the toil and sorrow of the world. Believing that they are making the world over, they fail to see their perilous resemblance to him who fiddled while Rome burned.

Of course, it all goes back beyond that. Mr. Hughes truly remarked that there can be no real peace without the will to peace. But the will to peace must come from an appreciation of the spiritual values of the world; from a realization that war in its every aspect defiles the ark of the covenant of humanity, that it is a deadly sin against whatever is godlike in man. Peace requires a realization that, as the Great War finally proved, violence accomplishes nothing, and that, even now, the human race is paying a frightful price for its sin against all that is sacred. In the Washington Conference, if we judge aright, there is not one word spoken to show that the spiritual lessons of the war have been learned or even understood. The emphasis is all upon the need of cutting down expenses, lightening the burden. Undue sentiment—and certainly sentimentality—is, perhaps, out of place in such a gathering. But how one longs for a single orator to tell what these armament burdens mean to the poor, the lowly, the toiling; for a single speaker to voice the feelings of the poilus of all lands to whom war means death or unbearable suffering. Finally, the greatest lack of all is one clear note of brotherhood. To this Conference it is as though the Prince of Peace had never brought to men a message of good-will. Hence all that we shall get, little or great, from the Conference is merely on account. The will to peace cannot prevail while men will not see or refuse to use the talisman that even now lies within their grasp.

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The Degradation of Teaching

IN the revolutionary thought and experimentation which are enriching our conception of popular education one elementary principle stands fixed: The child is entitled to suitable physical environment in which to carry on his studies and to the best possible teaching. It is precisely these things which the Teachers' Union of New York City tells us that school children are denied. That organization is conducting, with the aid of experts, a valuable series of inquiries into the New York public schools, and has already made public reports showing defects in the physical conditions of school buildings which seriously affect the health of teachers and pupils. More recently it has performed an even more immediate public service in calling attention to the following order from the Division of Examination and Inspection of the New York State Department of Education. It is addressed to principals of public schools and orders them to prepare reports as to the loyalty of teachers in the following manner:

1. List the name of each teacher under your jurisdiction.
2. Place a check mark in column one opposite the name of each teacher for whose morality and loyalty as a citizen you can personally vouch.
3. In column two check the name of each teacher whom you cannot vouch for from personal knowledge, but can do so on information that you consider thoroughly reliable.
4. In column three check the name of each teacher whom you cannot vouch for from personal knowledge or reliable information, or of whose morality, or loyalty to the government of the United States or of the State of New York you have reasonable doubt.

The reports are secret and go to authorities who have power to revoke teachers' licenses without a hearing.

Such is the perfect fruit of the Lusk law, which und r cover of guaranteeing the loyalty of all teachers enthrones reaction and hypocrisy in the public schools. The Teachers' Union rightly holds that "the order is not only a denial of civil liberty, but is also an act establishing a policy of espionage." A public which has recently shown a callous indifference to the civil liberties of workers and to espionage over them is not likely to rise in its wrath because the present victims are teachers. But there is a great tradition in America of regard for education and hope in what it may accomplish, and men who are indifferent to civil liberty may be stirred if they can be brought to reflect that the real victims of this new tyranny are the children. Already it is hard enough to get an adequate supply of halfway competent men and women to enter the teaching profession. This new decree will lock a door which has already been closed in the face of idealists who would give themselves to the work of teaching. Even the most loyal American, according, let us say, to the New York *Times's* understanding of that much-abused term, will be reluctant to place himself at the mercy of the whim, caprice, prejudice—religious, personal, or political—of a principal who is not his leader in a democratic profession but a spy whose secret report may wreck his whole career. Nor is this the worst. The existence of the state of mind, the mingled servility, fear, suspicion, sycophancy, and hypocrisy which such an order directly encourages is fatal to good teaching. Children feel more than they understand and in such an atmosphere you cannot make good citizens, to say nothing of honest men and women.

New York has a new commissioner of education who has already shown a laudable zeal for improving rural education. Here is a more urgent challenge to him. What will Mr. Graves do about it? Even though the decree may have been issued as a matter of routine, without his knowledge, his is the ultimate responsibility. The decree may be the logical development of the Lusk law but it is not absolutely required even by that vicious measure. The first duty, then, of teachers and citizens whose hope is in the next generation is to demand from Mr. Graves revocation of this order; the second is to obtain from the next legislature the repeal of the Lusk laws. Teachers who resent espionage ought to remember that their profession has in its own hands the means of its salvation. If all else fails, they could as an organized body refuse to teach under a system which humiliates them as citizens and degrades them as teachers. Such an act might be a strike against the state but it would be a service to society.

We Feast—They Starve

SOME Americans economized on Thanksgiving Day by eating chicken instead of turkey, and some ate ham instead of chicken. On Christmas Day most of us will eat turkey, or chicken, or goose, or ham, again, and potatoes roasted with the meat, and cranberry sauce and celery, and vegetables, and plum pudding or pie, and we will top it off with nuts and raisins and oranges and candy. Meanwhile, in the valley of the Volga, the great Mississippi River basin of European Russia, some ten or fifteen million Russians think themselves lucky if on feast-day, weekday, or Sunday they can get enough black pancake to stay the gnawing hunger inside them—enough black pancake made by grinding down grass torn up from the earth, and leaves pulled from the bushes or picked off the ground, mixing the powder thus obtained with gluten from boiled horses' hoofs, and baking the mixture as a substitute for bread.

Anna Haines, who did relief work in Russia with the Quakers under the Czarist, Kerensky, and soviet regimes in 1916-1918, and who has just returned from another year of relief work in Moscow which closed with a trip back into the villages of the Samara province where she had worked three years before and which have recently been so stricken by drought, tells heartrending stories and shows sickening pictures of the misery there. "March will be the worst month, will it not?" she asked one parish priest. "No," he answered slowly. "No, I think not. This month [September] we have the melons and the sunflower seeds; next month there will still be some melons and some seeds left; in November we will have to use our reserves. But no one is rich enough to have reserves for more than six weeks. March the worst? No. In March there will be no one left." The terrible fact is that hundreds of thousands—perhaps millions—are facing death with that awful Russian calm. A peasant woman asked Miss Haines to take a picture of her baby. She was hoping to get away to Siberia, and she knew the baby could not stand the journey; she wanted the picture to remember him by.

Why is it that when people come to such a pass, when children's homes have so little food that their superintendents have to pick out the children whom it is worth while trying to save and leave the rest to die, America calmly and contentedly eats turkey, or economizes on chicken or ham?

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Why is it that there is no such great warm-hearted response as fed the refugees in France, and later, the hungry children in Germany, Poland, and Austria? Partly, we suppose, because of callousness acquired from oft-repeated stories of hunger and misery. We are tired of giving to other people's children. Partly, too, because the American people, warm and well-fed as it is in contrast to Eastern or even to Central Europe, is not so rich as it was two or three years ago. But very largely because it has been so stuffed with conflicting propaganda about Russia that it only half believes the pitiful stories of famine which come to it. There are people who are willing to have even babies starve unless their elders change their form of government. But such people are not typical of America. The American people is as kindhearted as ever; but it wants to know. In particular, it wants to know whether the hunger in Russia is due to a breakdown in government which will be repeated year after year until there comes some sudden change, or to an unusual and fearful drought.

That is why the report of the Russian Commission of the Near East Relief, printed in part in the International Relations Section of this issue of *The Nation*, has such peculiar importance. It is the first comprehensive report of an unofficial non-political group which has had adequate opportunities to study the famine and its causes on the spot. Its conclusions cannot be charged with partisanship. No need here to summarize them all; but one set of data should be forced into the consciousness of editorial writers from one end of this country to the other: *The rainfall through the Volga valley in April, May, and June of this year—the critical months for the grain crop—averaged less than 2.4 millimeters per month as against a normal rainfall (17-year average) of 35.6 millimeters; and the temperature averaged 12.6 degrees Fahrenheit hotter than the 17-year average.* Such was the drought that burned the seedlings in the soil and caked the hard earth against the possibility of a crop. That is the reason for the hunger of the Volga millions. Other causes—revolution, war, blockade—contributed to the mass of misery; this is fundamental. Vernon Kellogg of the Hoover Relief Administration tells the same story. "In Russia," he says, "the people who come down to the river landings and crowd the refugee camps are peasants. In Belgium we never fed a single farmer. In Poland we fed millions in the cities and industrial areas but sent no food into the country; in Russia we have to feed the peasants, the food-producers—to the thinking man that tells the story."

Here at last we have the incontrovertible facts. No one can any longer plead ignorance. Political prejudices must be forgotten in the common need. Senator France's name stands beside that of ex-Ambassador Francis on the National Committee of the Russian Famine Fund (15 Park Row, New York City) which is raising money to aid the Quakers in their relief work. Mr. Hoover is sympathetic, and President Harding telegraphs to Allen Wardwell, chairman of the Fund, that he confidently hopes that its efforts will meet with a gratifying response. Will we go on eating turkey or chicken or ham on feast-days, and buttering our bread and eating two eggs in the morning, with no thought or help, as a nation, for the stricken millions along the Volga? Congress has shelved Mr. Hoover's modest request that unsalable surplus war supplies be freed for use in Russia; if America is to act at all, it must be through the gifts of individuals unwilling to be so comfortable while millions starve in Russia.

Average Citizen Sees It Through

THE job of the Average Citizen used to be considered a desirable one. He was, in the first place, the mainstay of the nation, acknowledged as such. All he had to do was to work for his living, play Kelly pool, and vote the usual way on Election Day. But of late years this has quite changed; his life has become complex. The Average Citizen is expected to take an interest in a whole lot of things besides the baby's measles and the price of Jerusalem artichokes; he is asked to understand things that nobody else understands, to be informed where experts are at odds.

Every little while an inquiring reporter will assault the average citizen, innocently faring home from his office, with the verbal brickbat: "And what do you think of the actions of the Japanese in the Transbaikal district? You can have till I count ten to answer." And the Average Citizen—always "picked at random"—replies without a moment's hesitation: "It is obvious that economic pressure dictates the westward expansion of Japan, but at the same time the right of self-determination must not be infringed." Something neat, like that. Not only Siberian questions, but other matters of international import are driving the more pugnacious of our mainstays to the verge of an Average Citizen's strike. They are expected to have an opinion on the merits of 10, 10, 7 as opposed to 5, 5, 3. They are supposed to concern themselves about the Cassell concession and the island of Sakhalin. They are informed of events in the most remote and mythical portions of the world and asked to hand down opinions on them.

All this is good. The Average Citizen used to lead a lazy life; we believe in making him work. But it does seem unreasonable to expect him to abandon his chief characteristic and encompass a range of knowledge that no one could possibly consider average. International affairs are the least of his technical concerns. Take by way of contrast the matter of food. The Average Citizen used to eat as much as he could conveniently consume of meat and potatoes, spinach and pudding. With admirable adaptability he abandoned this age-long custom and began eating a certain number of calories of protein, starch, mineral salts, and carbohydrates. He took on vitamines with enthusiasm, and liked 'em. If this were all that was expected of him he would never have flinched. But recently he has learned that there are good proteins and bad proteins, good vitamines and malicious ones. One expert assures him that meat introduces into the system almost unmentionable horrors; another that cheese and nuts are very pure and all that but not fit for human consumption. Raisins may contain iron, but they also contain sugar. Whole wheat may nourish the system, but does it not scratch the delicate lining of the Average Citizen's stomach? Red-blooded meat-eaters fight with pallid vegetarians over his emaciated body. What is the Average Citizen to do? The simple way out would be to give up eating altogether, but this is not in his character. He always has an answer ready. The Average Citizen has hit upon the perfect balanced ration: Red meat on Monday; salad on Tuesday; suet pudding on Wednesday; a raisin on Thursday; bran bread on Friday; a yeast cake on Saturday; and on Sunday a pinch of desiccated thyroid ground fine. He has solved the diet question, but as his problems grow more numerous and more complex, who would change jobs with the Average Citizen?

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Briand's Failure

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Washington, November 28

A MASTERPIECE of falsehood and misrepresentation, an abject confession of fear of Germany, and a deliberate slap at the British—this was M. Briand's long-awaited declaration of the French reasons why their country cannot disarm. To hear him was, moreover, to listen to a fire-cracker where a bomb was expected. Aristide Briand can speak much better than he did at the third session of the Washington Conference—as I can testify of personal knowledge. He, moreover, weakened the force of his presentation by permitting himself to be stopped twice for the translation of what he had said. Again, he ended on a dull and quiet note, whereas he had a superb climax for the end of the second portion of his address. It was as if the consciousness of his bad cause fatally handicapped him. Certainly, so far as the Conference was concerned, if I may draw a simile from the football field, the French ran the wrong man with the ball. M. Briand being the captain insisted on taking it. But in this case Viviani was the man to have carried it. He would not have stopped for the translator and he would have poured forth such a torrent of eloquence that the galleries would have been electrified—even though he is only a glorious voice with no brains behind it. M. Briand received nine seconds of courteous applause when he sat down—that is all. It was not a triumph; not even a success with the thoughtful. And I am ready to wager my reputation that there was relief and rejoicing behind the masks of Root, Lodge, Hughes, and Underwood when Briand ended. Whether or not a long-heralded oration, like a watched pot, does not boil, any danger of a stampede of the Conference was averted. There was not even created the atmosphere of excitement which ought to have attended so significant an utterance.

One thing M. Briand unquestionably did—he widened the breach between England and France. Mr. Wells's vigorous characterization of it is mild and gentle as a summer zephyr compared with what the Britishers said of it privately, after they left the hall. One of the most brilliant women in the diplomatic corps here has asked me not to dwell upon this phase of it in my correspondence. But it is necessary to set forth the truth and, more than that, her own assurance that the breach is now about complete is another reason why the facts should be written—no harm can now be done by so doing. But to realize what M. Briand did to the British, one must note the fact that in his speech he *never once* referred to them or to their frightful sacrifices during the war, or to the "holy alliance" between them. On the contrary he dwelt upon the isolation of the French; he presented the case as if there were no other nations on earth save the French, Russians, and Germans. France, in his eyes, is the sole defender of morality and justice and liberty. It must have a huge army—his promises of reductions in size and of the term of service were as vague as Mr. Hughes's disarmament proposals were clear-cut and specific, and, apparently, simmer down to only 39,000 men—as if France alone would have to bear the whole brunt of another attack by "Huns" or Bolsheviks; as if France alone had saved the world when Lenin fought the Poles. As for Upper Silesia, nothing that he said cut the British more than his references to that imbroglio, where British and French troops all but came to blows.

When M. Briand sat down we were treated to an orgy of insincere flattery and lip-service. Probably not since Shakespeare gave us Marc Antony's oration over the body of Julius Caesar has there been a more brilliant example of that type of speech which praises while scarifying than that afforded by Mr. Balfour's reply. There is a *double entendre* in several paragraphs of that speech in which, after praising a mediocre address as one of the greatest of orations, a masterpiece, etc., he spoke of it as also a complete laying bare of the real inwardness of the French thought upon this subject—the heart of a nation. Mr. Balfour rose to bury M. Briand, not to praise him. He easily turned M. Briand's position by simply referring to the million British dead and two million disabled and wounded. France was not alone in defending liberty and justice, he said. If menacing imperialism should raise its head again England would once more be on hand to bear her share. Near the end he significantly remarked, after recalling that the English had fought for international liberty: ". . . if a similar necessity should again arise, if again the lust of domination, which has been the curse of Europe for so many generations should threaten the peace, the independence, the self-development of our neighbors and allies, how could it be . . . that we who had done so much for the great cause of international liberty should see that cause perish before our eyes rather than make further sacrifices in its defense?" Seeing that for many generations until quite recently it was the Napoleons of France and their predecessors who were possessed of that "lust of domination which has been the curse of Europe," and that the French are today trying to dominate all Europe by their military power, the deeper significance of Mr. Balfour's words is plain. Certain it is that many of the Englishmen felt that M. Briand had made a declaration of war against Great Britain. "The most infamous speech I ever listened to," said the dean of the English corps of correspondents to me when we met just after it.

Mr. Hughes, of course, in behalf of America spoke his share of meaningless platitudes. He was happy to assure M. Briand that France must not fear isolation—"there is no isolation for the defenders of liberty and justice." But fair words no more make defensive and offensive alliances than they butter parsnips. According to Mr. Hughes's phrases, the United States might go to the rescue of Germany some day if she should appear to be on the side of liberty and justice. What an atmosphere of cant and insincerity and hypocrisy! It was good to get out of the hall into clear and pure air again.

As for the mendacity of M. Briand's statements, five minutes of cross-examination would have revealed it. If what he said is true, members of the Interallied Commission for the Disarmament of Germany ought to be court-martialed not only for dereliction of duty but for endless falsehoods. But they have not failed at their tasks. I take, for example, the following from the weekly *Manchester Guardian* of November 9 as to what M. Briand's own French General Nollet has achieved:

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General Nollet, president of the Commission for the Disarmament of Germany, interviewed recently in Paris by a number of political personalities, set the scaremongers at rest. He says that after eighteen months in Germany, visiting every hole and corner up and down the country where arms could be concealed, he is convinced that Germany today is really effectively disarmed. All her strong places and fortresses have been dismantled. The following war material has been either destroyed or handed over: 4,000 siege guns, 32,800 ordinary guns, 11,000 minenwerfer (trench mortars), 84,000 machine-guns, 4,200,000 small arms, 32,000,000 shells, 50,000 munition wagons, 55,000 military wagons, 11,000 field kitchens, 1,800 pontoons, and an immense quantity of miscellaneous articles. As far as the physical means of waging war is concerned, Germany is no longer a military power. General Nollet's declarations have had a great calming effect on French leaders' opinion, where at least it is beginning to be felt that the German revenge bogy is dead. This impression is all the greater as General Nollet, up till now, has always been pessimistic about German disarmament.

So far as the extract from Ludendorff's book which M. Briand read is concerned, as I heard him read it it sounded strangely familiar. It is not only the same sort of stuff that every professional militarist has been saying for a long time past; it can be paralleled in almost every sentiment by extracts from Theodore Roosevelt's "Strenuous Life." He, too, had this same belief that war is essential and necessary, and that without it the virile qualities of mankind will die. What M. Briand did not add is what everybody in Germany knows—that Ludendorff and his crowd, if they get into power, will face the same antagonism and hostility of the German workers which led to the ending of the attempted Kapp revolution in forty-eight hours.

Now, General Nollet is French and he is M. Briand's subordinate. One or the other is misstating; there is no alternative. It is M. Briand; he knows full well that quite aside from the question of armament Germany is deprived of her old allies and is economically crushed, with her laboring classes on the verge of starvation, her currency debased, her treasury practically bankrupt, the mark sinking out of sight, with food at prohibitive prices. Danger of a German attack there may be fifty years from now, if civilization has survived, but not sooner. And, of course, there would be no danger at all if France's attitude had been forgiving and generous to the Germans. She could not rise to such heights, and as for M. Briand, as my diplomatic friend said: "He *had* to make that speech or lose his job. And if he goes we shall get a worse one." But what an abject confession of French fear of Germany it is to so dread a beaten, wrecked, disorganized, and discredited foe!

Control of Parenthood—Moral Aspects

By W. R. INGE*

THE control of parenthood is perhaps the most important movement of our time. It is not only universal in the civilized world, but the degree to which it is practiced in any country is a very fair gauge of the position of that country in the scale of civilization. This will be apparent if we compare the birth-rates of the chief European countries before the war. My figures are those for 1912. France, 19.0; Belgium, 22.9; United Kingdom, 23.9; Norway, 25.4; Germany, 28.6; Austria, 21.3; Italy, 32.4; Ireland (including births among fresh immigrants to America), probably about 40; Rumania, 43.4; Russia, 44.0. Moreover, in every country it is the well-educated and prosperous classes who practice birth control most. The movement is certain to go much further; the increase of birth which followed the return of soldiers to their homes will not be permanent, and in some of the countries which formerly had the highest birth-rates misery and famine are now checking the birth of new children. In Vienna the birth-rate has fallen to 11; in Petrograd, where statistics are probably worthless under present conditions, it is estimated at 14. To attempt to arrest such a movement by legislation or by exhortation is absurd. The small family has come to stay. But it is legitimate to ask whether a moralist should approve or condemn it.

The moral aspect, however, cannot be separated from the racial, economic, eugenic, and medical aspects. A man who believes that the indefinite expansion of his own countrymen, whether these are Anglo-Saxons, Frenchmen, or Germans, is the best thing for the world will regard with moral indignation those who wish to limit the production of these supermen. On the other hand, those who consider that overpopulation is the main cause of war, of high infant mortality, and of social distress and unrest will say with Havelock Ellis that "those who seek to restore the birth-rate of half a century ago are engaged in a task which would be criminal if it were not based on ignorance, and which is in any case fatuous." The chief moral duty for those who wish to inform themselves of the conditions of the problems is to put away violent prejudices and to study the facts honestly. It is rare indeed to find any discussion of the subject from the religious or moral side in which any attempt is made to consider in a rational spirit the economic and the medical facts on which a sound judgment must be based. Wilful ignorance is a moral fault.

In this short article I can only give the headings of the points which I proved at length in my little book, "Outspoken Essays."

1. Human evolution has been steadily in the direction of diminishing fertility and increasing parental care.

2. Population always presses on the means of subsistence, and in no circumstances is anything like the natural rate of multiplication, which would double population about every twenty-five years, possible except for a very short time.

3. Voluntary limitation has always been practiced. The old methods are seasonal wars, which are defended as necessary on this ground; infanticide, which is almost universal among savage races, and has been preached from sheer necessity in such civilized communities as ancient Greece and modern China; abortion, which Plato speaks of as one of the regular accomplishments of a midwife; and neglect of infant children which produced such results as the family of Dean Colet's parents, who had twenty-two children in thirty years and lost them all except the future friend of Erasmus. It is said that the French Canadians of today take very philosophically the deaths of, say, six children out of fourteen.

* Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral.

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4. The very rapid increase of the white races during the nineteenth century was a transitory phenomenon which is now drawing to a close and can never be repeated. It was caused by the discovery of machinery which produced masses of commodities for exportation, and by the development of new food-producing areas in empty countries. These new countries are now filling up. They no longer need Europe and Europe needs them more than ever.

5. The decline of the birth-rate and of the death-rate has almost everywhere run parallel during the last generation. It is absurd to suppose that this is an accident. As I have said, if our doctors want more maternity cases they must make more work for the undertaker. The expedients often advocated to encourage denser population—such as the endowment of parenthood and the building of houses at the expense of the taxpayer—have no effect except to penalize and sterilize those who pay the doles for the benefit of those who receive them. In England the professional class is being taxed and bullied out of existence. Statistics show that the doctors, the teaching profession, and the ministers of religion average only two children each.

6. Whenever attempts have been made to suppress by legislation the sale of the use of preventives the only result has been a great increase of abortion. The German Hirsch, who has written the most complete book on the subject, makes the appalling estimate that in the United States, which he describes as "the classic land of abortion," two million unborn children are destroyed each year. I should be sorry to believe this; but it may be taken as proved that the Comstock legislation has achieved nothing except to substitute a crime for a practice which many good people regard as innocent. In England, where the method is to prevent the public from having access to information, the result is much the same. Mr. Elderton, the editor of an exhaustive report on the birth-rate in countries north of the Humber, published for the London University Eugenics Laboratory, finds that the public are now taking abortifacient drugs to an enormous extent and gives abundant evidence as to the trade in pills for "female irregularities" which are taken in vast quantities by women of the working-class in every northern town. It is needless to add that great injury is frequently done to the mother and to the child who, after all, is often born.

It seems to me that both the American method of prohibiting what Hirsch calls *Präventiv-Verkehr* and the English method of withholding information are morally unjustifiable and practically disastrous. The state has no right to treat adult citizens like children. Opinions are divided whether certain actions are right or wrong. Let each man and woman decide for themselves. The American law should be repealed; the English embargo on information should be suspended. We must trust to the moral sense of the people; if we trust to any other method we shall only drive them to go further and do worse.

So far I have been trying to clear up the issue before us. It still remains for us to consider whether parental control is right or wrong. I do not propose to distinguish between one method of *Präventiv-Verkehr* and another. It is not a pleasant subject and in my opinion it must be left to the individual conscience or taste. But what is a minister of religion to say if he is asked for his opinion on the matter? I think we may rule out one possible answer—that a couple who wish to have no more children must dissolve their marriage altogether on the physical side. It is not only the sensual side of human nature which protests against this solution. This and no more I will say about means and methods.

We are right to protest against the selfish individualism which makes many young people determined to have a good time, to live their own life, or whatever catchword they may choose. Our duty to posterity is as great as our duty to our own generation. Our children's lives, so far as they are under our control, are as sacred a trust for us as our own. It is a lamentable thing when a young woman has no ambition to be a mother. There are some, no doubt, whose function in life is to bring ideas and not children to the birth; there are others who take up some life-work of public service in which freedom from domestic ties is almost necessary; there may be some who are legitimately attracted by the Catholic ideal of ascetic virginity. But for the majority the right track is the high road which leads through marriage and parenthood; and when any nation or any class raises its standard of luxury so high that parenthood becomes an intolerable burden, nature's heaviest penalty has been decreed against that nation or that class; it is doomed to extinction. May an Englishman express his regret at the dwindling numbers of the old New England families, whom, although (or rather because) they stood up to us successfully 150 years ago, we have never ceased to regard as among the finest representatives of our common stock. It is, I fear, racial pride which is killing them off and racial pride is not a biological virtue.

If we have reason to think that we belong to a good stock, it is our duty to choose a simpler life rather than cut down our family tree. Of course, it does not follow that we should have so many children that we cannot do justice to any of them. I only maintain that while civilization is effecting a dysgenic counter-selection of a mischievous kind, sterilizing the good stocks and encouraging the multiplication of the bad, we must be willing to make some sacrifice of comfort for the sake of eugenics—if, that is to say, we are ourselves well born in the Galtonian sense—and we should have enough courage and family pride to send forth fresh holders of our name once more on an adventure brave and new.

But I cannot seriously blame either the textile worker, whose wife contributes regularly to the family income, if he restricts the number of children below the ideal average which is perhaps three or perhaps four; or the poor clerk who can hardly preserve his pinched black-coated respectability even without a family; or the professional man who can give one son, but not two the education of a gentleman, which in England costs about three thousand pounds; or the highly educated woman who rebels against being a mere household drudge and asks for a little time to cultivate her mind and follow her tastes. These concessions may be made without the slightest danger of race suicide; for in most civilized countries the margin of increase is about one per cent per annum, a rate which in my opinion it will not be possible to maintain in the future, unless Asiatic competition forces us to descend to Oriental standards of living.

The Disarmament Conference
As Seen by
ANATOLE FRANCE
Next Week's Issue of *The Nation*.

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The Diary of Sir Roger Casement[1]

Chapter II

Early spring, 1915

I HAVE been asked by many persons to write some account of the circumstances attending my journey from America to Europe and of the very peculiar incidents that followed my arrival at Christiania on 28-29 October [1914] and of my subsequent stay in Germany. While I feel that these matters are of sufficient public interest to warrant a clear statement of the facts, I have decided to refrain from dealing with them myself on the lines of a book. I prefer to meet those who plotted against me on another field; and to reserve a full exposure of the criminal attempt to intercept my coming to Germany to a later stage of my fight for Irish nationality against the greedy system of world exploitation termed "the British Empire."

As a matter of fact the term "Empire" is misapplied. The thing that threatens today the existence of the German people, and has already throttled the people of Ireland and is in course of throttling the people of India, Egypt, Malaya, and a score of other dependencies of the London market is not an "Empire" but an Emporium. England fights only for profit, just as the tradesman deals only for profit. Her wars have always been wars undertaken on a profit and loss account. When the balance lay on the debit side, England sheathed the sword; when it lay on the credit side, she wrapped the whole world in war and from a safe point of observation counted up the gains and assessed the value of her investments in other men's blood. . . .

The reasons that induced me to come to Germany to urge certain proposals I had already placed before the German Ambassador at Washington are known,[2] and I need only say here that, after I had decided on the course now taken, I looked only ahead. The immediate difficulty was to reach Germany from America. The British authorities in U. S. A. have been accustomed, for many years, to watch the movements of all prominent Irishmen, at home in Ireland, and of all the leading Irish-Americans in the United States. I was aware, during my stay in America (from July 20 to October 15), that I shared these attentions and was the object of a certain amount of espionage. Accordingly, when my decision to come to Germany was taken, I was forced to adopt a disguise and a false name and identity in order to cross the ocean. . . .

As a double precaution I engaged a man, whom I had already helped when in difficulties and who was grateful for this help, to carry the few papers I thought it essential to bring with me. This man, by name Adler Christensen, was a native of Norway who had been for some years a sailor—and latterly at work in America. He booked his passage in second class to return to Norway to visit his parents at Moss. Mr. ———'s ticket was procured by an agent of the Austrian Consulate. . . . Adler Christensen had already taken my baggage on board, and paid my bill at the hotel where for two days "Mr. R. Smythe" of London had been staying—and then I shaved myself completely and slipped down the back stairs and out of the hotel by an entrance into another street.

Thus Mr. R. Smythe disappeared "for Chicago"; Sir R. Casement had already telegraphed for rooms in the La Salle Hotel there and his imminent arrival in Chicago had been given out to the local press; and at noon on 15 October Mr. ——— of ———, Orange County, State of New York, arrived on board the Oscar II; and at 2 p. m. that vessel sailed for Christiansand, Norway, as her first port of call, with Christiania and Copenhagen as her destinations. Mr. ——— had a part of some difficulty to play on board as there were three genuine Americans among the passengers and Mr. ———'s English was by no means that of New York or any State of the American Union. . . . The majority of the passengers took him for "an English spy," and a certain emotion was frequently visible when he approached stout Dutch gentlemen or Danish families recalled to Europe by family affairs.

After a voyage of fourteen days and a half the Oscar II reached Christiania at midnight on Wednesday, 28 October, 1914.[3] I went on shore about 1.30 a. m. and drove to the Grand Hotel.

The next morning, or that morning rather, Thursday, 29 October, I sent Adler with a cablegram to ———, New York, telling of my arrival, and then I went to the German Legation about 11 a. m., stopping on the way to buy a few things I needed. When leaving the shop I noticed a man watching me—and found out that he was following. I told Adler I thought there was a spy on my tracks. I carried a letter for Count v. Oberndorff from the German Ambassador in Washington. This letter was one of introduction and to request that facilities to enter Germany should be furnished me. It took time to decipher, and Count v. Oberndorff asked me to return the next morning, when he hoped the necessary papers for my journey to Berlin might be ready.

That afternoon I devoted to writing letters in my room, and told my man to go out and buy some things I wanted and to return at 5.30 p. m. He came back earlier, in some excitement, and told me that it was quite true that I was being followed as I had suspected by the British authorities and that he thought I was in danger. He then told the following story: On leaving my room at 2 p. m. he had gone down to the hall of the hotel, where very soon a strange man accosted him in good English, asking if he had not "come from America" that morning and proposing that they should "take a stroll together." Adler consented, his suspicions being aroused. Leaving the hotel, the man "hailed a taxi" (as he said), but a large touring car, with a chauffeur in private livery, came at once and the man invited Adler to step in and told the chauffeur to go to 79 Drammensveien. Arrived there, a footman opened the door and the conductor went to a side room off the hall, whence a short "gentleman," slightly bald, with grayish black hair emerged. The conductor said to him, "This is the man," and the gentleman asked Adler to come upstairs with him. Adler noticed that both the man who had brought him to the house and the man-servant treated this gentleman with great deference. They went up two flights of stairs, across a dining-room to a "study" with a thick door, which the gentleman locked and then courteously asked Adler to sit down.

He then began asking a few questions about the voyage,

[1] Copyright, 1921, by Charles E. Curry. All rights reserved.
[2] Cf. Sir Roger's essay, "Why I Came to Germany."
[3] En route the ship was overhauled by the British vessel Hibernia, and taken into port at Stornoway for search, but Sir Roger Casement destroyed all his papers and was not discovered. His only record of the event is in a carefully disguised letter written, but not sent, to his sister.

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and said, "There is a tall, dark gentleman, an *Englishman*, on board; you know him?" To this my man answered that he knew no "Englishman" but only an American gentleman whom he had known slightly in New York. The gentleman pretended to know the name, and said, "Mr. ——, Mr. ——?" leaving the blank for Adler to fill in. Adler assumed an equal momentary forgetfulness, and said he had forgotten the gentleman's name—it was "a queer one." His interlocutor, pressing him to try and remember it, asked where this gentleman now was, to which my man replied that he was "gone away." The gentleman then inquired pointedly after Adler's financial situation, asking if he had "done well in America" and following this inquiry by the repeated request for the "tall dark gentleman's name and address." Failing to get any satisfaction from my man, he brought the interview to a close by another expression of his hope that Adler had "done well in the States" and the remark, "I should certainly like to know that gentleman's name and address." He asked finally, "I suppose you will not leave me your name and address?" to which my man replied, "No, certainly not."

This terminated the interview and the gentleman dismissed Adler, who was shown out, whereupon he returned to the hotel to tell me. On consulting the directory I found that 79 Drammensveien was the British Legation in Christiania.

I wrote to Count v. Oberndorff a few lines, telling him my man would personally inform him of what had taken place and begging him to expedite the papers for my departure and to try and see me at some place other than the German Legation that evening. I sent this note by Adler telling him to use every precaution against being followed. This he did, changing his tram car three times and finally reaching Count v. Oberndorff, as he believed, without being observed. The Count replied with a message to meet me that evening at the German Consulate at 7.

I went there at that hour, adopting a ruse to throw the persons I knew then to be watching me off my track. My taxicab was followed by a car in which was the very man who had conducted Adler to the British Legation, along with another man. Owing to the trick I played, this car followed Adler alone, and I, jumping out in a side street, went by another taxi to the German Consulate. There Count v. Oberndorff told me that he had telegraphed to Berlin for instructions in my regard and that until a reply from the Foreign Office came nothing more could be done—but that he expected this reply hourly. I explained the situation in which I found myself, pointing out that I knew the British Government's methods toward Irish Nationalists very well, and that, while I did not regard the danger to myself, I did regard the danger to the cause I represented if they should succeed in kidnapping or waylaying me while I was kept waiting in Christiania. I feared chiefly, I said, that they might succeed in getting me detained on suspicion through the American Legation when it was known that I had false papers. . . . Delay might thus lead to detention, detention to fuller inquiry, and then, with all the local agencies of a powerful Government at work determined at all costs to arrest my journey into Germany, I might fail to carry out my purpose. Count v. Oberndorff promised to let me know immediately any word came from Berlin.

On returning to the hotel, Adler told me that there were men at watch round the hotel and that he believed another man who had spoken to him in the restaurant where he was dining and had offered him two bottles of beer and had assured him that "English gold had never been quoted at such a high rate of exchange as now," was another of the agents put on watch. Feeling that it would be better to leave Christiania, even without the necessary papers for entering Germany and to await these at some arranged point in Sweden, en route to Sassnitz (or Copenhagen), I decided that night, in consultation with my man, on a plan to get away on the morrow, and to go over the Norwegian frontier into Sweden on the line to Traelleborg by a motor car Adler was to hire for me early in the morning. I need not give the details of this plan here. I should probably have succeeded in evading the body of men I knew were then watching my hotel had I carried out this intention. About midnight the manager of the hotel announced that a Mr. Hilmers "from the German Legation" wished to see me. This gentleman, whom I had not previously met, told me that Count v. Oberndorff had sent him to "reassure" me and to beg me to stay quietly in my hotel during the next day, when the necessary permit from Berlin was sure to come, and then to proceed by the 5.45 p. m. train either by Sassnitz or Copenhagen. I agreed to this course—and countermanded the orders given to Adler for the motor car in the morning.

Next morning (Friday, 31 October) I was up very early and in the dawn saw one of the individuals I suspected watching the hotel. I watched him for a long time. He only shifted his ground sufficiently not to attract attention by staying at one spot. At 6.30 or 7 a. m. Mr. Hilmers came with the message that a telegram had been received from Berlin and that Count v. Oberndorff would come to the hotel at noon to see me and arrange the details for my departure that evening by train. I was greatly relieved at this intelligence. During the morning I saw the "night watcher" and another man keeping the hotel under view.

Adler went down to breakfast about 9 with instructions to "walk about" and keep his eyes open. He returned to me about 11.45 a. m. in a state of great excitement and threw down some Norwegian paper money (25 kronen in notes), saying he had just come from the British Legation where the Minister himself had given him these notes and had made certain proposals to him about me that were, as I said when he told me, "absolutely incredible." There was, however, no doubt of the sincerity of my man or of his anger and resentment, and as he told his story in simple and forcible words I could do nothing but believe him. I knew the man to begin with. His fidelity to and his affection for me had already been amply proved on board the Oscar II when we were captured by the British battleship Hibernia and in custody at Stornoway. He had then become fully aware of my name and identity. He had papers concealed for me he knew were of importance, and he had (for him) a large sum of money in American gold coin (about £500) in his keeping—all this in case I should have been recognized and taken away at Stornoway. Moreover, I knew the British Government and its want of conscience in dealing with Irishmen in particular and with all men where vital "British interests" were at stake.

Here was an hereditary "British interest"—Ireland in the person of myself, traveling into unknown regions, on an unknown quest, where the British Providence would not be able to follow! I knew that a British Minister, in these circumstances, would not use kid gloves in dealing with the man bent on such a journey as mine.

[*To be continued*]

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In the Driftway

WHY travel? Sometimes the Drifter, who has made a specialty of roaming about, reflects upon changing conditions and wonders whether it is worth while to bestir himself longer. Why indeed? Is the world not becoming so standardized, are we not all getting to dress and live and think so much alike, that there is nothing to be learned by going from one place to another? Of course there are still substantial differences between, say Columbus Circle in New York City and the Arctic Circle in—well, wherever it is. At least the Drifter supposes so, although he has not visited Columbus Circle in several weeks and at the moment cannot remember having visited the Arctic Circle at all. Possibly it is just that which makes two places seem so different—the fact that we are familiar with only one of them. The people to whom the world is most bizarre are those who know it only in imagination, those who have traveled the least.

* * * * *

YET, despite the standardizing processes of modern civilization, there are big differences in the world still, as even the Drifter, who has traveled much, must admit. But it does seem that, so far as the larger American cities are concerned, they have been rolled so nearly to a level that it is hardly worth paying present railway fares to shift about among them. This struck the Drifter hard on a recent visit to Boston. Now Boston has long had the reputation of being one of America's most individual cities. So, if it is getting to look like the others, what hope is there for Cleveland or Kansas City? As the Drifter walked through Washington Street, he noted the signs on the stores and the character of the shop windows, and wondered where Boston had gone. He asked himself if he might not just as well be walking through Broadway, New York, or the Main Street of any other American village of 100,000 or more inhabitants. Everywhere were the signs and the familiar displays of chain stores and other business enterprises national in extent. Between Faneuil Hall and Winter Street, a distance of not quarter of a mile, the Drifter noted the following: United Cigar Stores (three), National Shirt Shops, Schrafft's, Liggett's drug stores (two), Childs, Sarnoff-Irving (two), Mitchell the Tailor, Schulte, Thomas Cook and Son, Truly Warner, Kaufman hats, Walk-Over shoes, W. L. Douglas Shoe Company, Loew's Orpheum, Browning, King & Co. And such other stores as there were seemed to be overawed and outfaced by their nationally-organized neighbors—seemed to be copying them in merchandise and methods, to the loss of all individuality.

* * * * *

THERE is an advantage, no doubt, in being able to step out of the Chicago train in Boston and dive straight into a Childs restaurant or a Loew theater—sure of what you are going to get. But—and there is the Drifter's point—there is no use in traveling 1,000 miles purely for that purpose. It looks as if in another ten years the only reason for going from Philadelphia with its Liberty Bell to Times Square and the Belle of New York would be to dodge one's debts or get away from one's children.

* * * * *

SPEAKING of Philadelphia and the Liberty Bell—now it can be tolled.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

World Conference of Irish

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: All American organizations interested in Ireland's struggle for independence are cordially invited to attend the World Conference of the Irish Race, to be held at Paris on January 21, 1922, the third anniversary of the convoking of Dail Eireann.

I have also been asked to announce that all members of the Irish race are welcomed and the limited time at the disposal of the organizers prevents more particular invitations.

All anxious to take part in the gathering will kindly communicate their intention to do so to Mr. Thomas Hughes Kelly, Hon. Secretary, Irish Race Convention, Grand Hotel, Paris, France.

Washington, November 18 H. J. BOLAND
Envoy of the Republic of Ireland

The League Assembly—Another View

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Robert Dell's article on the League of Nations Assembly in your issue of November 16 interests me particularly as demonstrating how completely irreconcilable can be the impressions two different people can get of the same subject. Like Mr. Dell I was present at both the First and the Second Assemblies of the League of Nations. Mr. Dell got an impression even less favorable than last year. I got an impression even more favorable. Mr. Dell sees the League becoming little more than a branch establishment of the British Empire. All I see in that field is a very welcome advance of the British Empire toward the ideals of the League of Nations, thanks in large measure, so far as the Assembly is concerned, to the far more progressive attitude adopted by the head of the British Empire delegation, Mr. Balfour, this year than last. Mr. Dell speaks quite rightly of the moral authority exerted by Lord Robert Cecil, unquestionably (again I agree with Mr. Dell) one of the two biggest figures in the Assembly. But Lord Robert has for two years sat as a member of the South African delegation because his views were not held by the British Prime Minister to be those of the British Empire delegation. Lord Robert's moral authority, in a word, went to strengthen not the British Empire at Geneva—he was as often fighting the British Empire delegation as supporting it—but the principles of the League itself.

Mr. Dell saw a pitched battle for supremacy between the British and the French. I am afraid that escaped me, nor have I discovered anyone else who observed it, except in regard to the White Slave Traffic Convention, as to which the attitude of the French delegation was so singular that it must rank as an inexplicable aberration rather than as a fixed article in the delegation's policy.

Then as to one or two things that caught my notice but not, to judge by his article, Mr. Dell's. There was the remarkable speech, on the whole the outstanding feature of the Assembly, in which the French representative, M. Noblemaire, called for reconciliation with Germany. There was the voluntary agreement of the three mandatory Powers, Britain, France, and Belgium, to put the mandate system effectively into force forthwith, even though the mandates could not, owing to United States opposition, be formally issued. There was the action, largely successful, initiated by the Assembly to force the Council of Ambassadors to demarcate Albania's frontiers, and the protection secured to that struggling Balkan state by the searchlight of publicity the League Assembly was able to turn on the activities of its neighbors.

And then there was the absence of the United States. I touch on that because Mr. Dell would seem not to have noticed

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it, or at any rate not to have noticed that it made any difference. He castigates the League for its inactivity in the matter of disarmament. Like him I wish it had done more. But everyone knows that in most respects the cooperation of your country is essential for any satisfactory solution of this problem, and at Geneva that cooperation was not forthcoming. Still more is that true in the field of finance. Mr. Dell would have had not a conference of politicians, but a conference of financiers. With none from the United States, which financially holds the key of the situation?

As a final summing up, Mr. Dell dismisses the "league of governments called League of Nations" as "an organized hypocrisy." Well, I traveled back from Geneva with Lord Robert Cecil, whose moral authority Mr. Dell so rightly emphasizes. We reviewed the Assembly, its successes and its failures. Lord Robert was —I will not say wholly satisfied; no one could be that—but full of hope and encouragement as to the results of an Assembly which in his view left the League substantially stronger than it had been a year before. I do not want to press Lord Robert Cecil's view, much less my own, against Mr. Dell's. My only purpose is to show that Mr. Dell has not given the only possible picture of the Assembly of 1921. Fortunately Mr. Dell and I know one another well enough to be able to differ cheerfully.

Washington, D. C., November 16 H. WILSON HARRIS

The Tragedy of Vienna

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have in my hand one of the saddest letters that I ever read. With a number of others it arrived recently in the office of the Friends' Relief Mission in Vienna, written carefully in a somewhat feeble hand, on a piece of common scratch-paper. I venture to send you a verbatim translation in order that some of your readers may realize more forcefully than they yet do what happens in a country when the currency depreciates, as it is depreciating with phenomenal rapidity in Austria today.

To the American Relief Mission:

We are two sisters, orphans of a minor official who had a small income and was unable to save anything for us. One of us is 78, the other 74. We receive a small pension amounting to 300 crowns. We have always labored industriously to support ourselves, but at our present age it is very hard because the eyes are bad and for our knitting very little is paid. We cannot do anything else now and must live on in our suffering and wait for death to deliver us. Old age in these circumstances is indeed terrible. From hunger and undernourishment we have become so weak that we both suffer much from dizziness and therefore do not dare to go out any more. Moreover, we have no more shoes and only threadbare rags of clothes which have been patched over and over.

Now the hard winter is coming upon us, with the terrible cold in our little room that we could seldom heat last winter. Although we must suffer from hunger through the enormous increase of prices, freezing is really harder to endure.

In our extreme distress we implore the good people in America of whose kindness and generosity we have heard. Oh, please help also us two poor old people, by a gracious gift, to make our life a little more supportable until our deliverance comes. God will reward it.

In der Hoffnung auf eine Erfüllung unserer herzlichen Bitte,
Most thankfully,
FANNY AND JOSEPHINE ZWÖLFPOTH

As I write a great storm is breaking over the city, drenching the narrow streets and driving people into the shelter of cold and often cheerless houses. A fall of snow seems imminent. In the shops the prices of foodstuffs are rising almost hourly. A loaf of bread—dark bread—costs 35 crowns, a kilo (two pounds) of potatoes, 64. A can of condensed milk cannot be had for less than 200 (all fresh milk goes to children's institutions and the sick) and lard that sold at 360 crowns a kilo in September has jumped to 1,200. The prices of eleven staple foodstuffs have increased 109 per cent in the same number of weeks. The professor's family with whom I live have just managed to pay fifty thousand crowns in return for a single wagon-load of coal.

This is the desperate situation in this wonderful city at the opening of winter. I do not know what will happen before spring returns; it is apparently going to be the worst winter since the war. Disease and plundering and violence and death will come without any of the redeeming idealism of a constructive social revolution or aspirations of proletarian emancipation. For bolshevism has played itself out in Vienna and the Socialists are still in control of the city administration, to their regret, I imagine. They cannot seize power from themselves, and seizing power will not produce food or stop the depreciation of the currency. It is not the wage-earners, moreover, who are the worst situated in this crisis. It is rather the professional and middle classes in Vienna, as in all Europe, who are at the point of despair. It is these people who have given to Vienna its indescribable charm, who are themselves the most cultivated and friendly people in Europe, who are caught in a kind of golden doom from which there is no escape, and who are facing a grim "winter of discontent" with what fortitude only those who have been privileged to live for a time among them can understand. I wonder whether Americans at home who applaud the music of the Eroica Symphony or find delight in waltzing to the Beautiful Blue Danube realize what the extinction of the gracious civilization which created them means to Europe and the world?

Relief activity is no longer adequate nor moral. Not until the problem of the stabilization of the currency has been tackled and solved will the situation be improved. There is no good reason why a stable international currency should not be issued by an American banking group which would rapidly find acceptance in a dozen countries in bankrupt Europe.

Vienna, October 28 BRENT DOW ALLINSON

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest in 1921 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Friday, November 25, and not later than Saturday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will under any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 8, 1922.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

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International Relations Section

An American Report on the Russian Famine

THE Russian Commission of the Near East Relief comprised the following members: Chairman, Albert A. Johnson, director of the New York State Institute of Applied Agriculture; secretary, Paxton Hibben, Capt., F.A., R.C., secretary of the American Embassy, Petrograd, 1905-1906, fellow of the Royal and American Geographical Societies; treasurer, E. A. Yarrow, Capt., A.R.C., director general of the Near East Relief in Transcaucasia; Frank Connes, official interpreter of the Supreme Court of the State of New York; John R. Voris, associate general secretary of the Near East Relief. This Commission visited Russia with the following formally stated object:

To assemble information as to economic conditions and reputed destitution in Russia, in cooperation with the Russian Government, with a view to placing this information, when gathered, before such American organization or organizations as might be designated to represent the American people in extending relief to Russia; or if no such organization be designated, to place the findings of the Commission before the American people through whatever channels may be available. . . .

The Commission left Tiflis, in the Socialist Soviet Republic of Georgia, on August 16, 1921, returning to the same point on September 12, 1921. The Commission traveled through the following points: Tiflis, Baku, Rostov-on-Don, Voronej, Moscow, Roozaivka, Samara, Syzran, Penza, Rtistschevo, Tavoljanka, Povorino, Tsaritsin, Tilhorietskaya, Baku, Tiflis. The entire journey, including side trips not indicated in the above itinerary, amounted to 4,863 miles, and enabled the Commission to make personal observation in the following geographical divisions of the Russian Federation: Soviet Republics of Adjaria, Georgia, Azerbaijan, Daghestan, Gorsk; and the following provinces of the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic: Stavropol, Kuban, Don, Harkov, Voronej, Ryazin, Moscow, Penza, Simbirsk, Samara, Tsaritsin, Astrakhan, Saratov, Tambov.

Upon its return to the United States the Commission presented its unanimous report, which we reproduce in part herewith, signed by all the members, to the headquarters of the Near East Relief and to Mr. Herbert Hoover, director of the American Relief Administration.

In the estimation of this Commission the situation in Russia today is a very serious one. Its consequences may be far reaching and entirely unforeseen. It is not the province of this Commission to speculate on what these consequences may be, but the members of this Commission are profoundly convinced that a situation exists in Russia, due primarily to the famine, which impels the serious consideration of the rest of the world.

The districts affected by acute famine conditions are for the most part situated in the valley of the Volga River, comprising approximately 600,000 square miles of the principal grain-growing territory of Europe. . . .

It is clear that there was, as a rule, no considerable reserve production of grain in Russia, even before the war, against possible famine years. . . . The grain export of Russia appears to have been merely the disposal of an industry either for self-protection or for maximum profit. If this is true, as seems to be the case, in good years Russia exported large quantities of foodstuffs while in bad years famine conditions were the normal result of a lack of prevision characteristic both of the former national government and of the peasants themselves.

Under these circumstances it is scarcely astonishing that the revolution in Russia worked no miracle in this respect, and famine followed as certainly adverse climatic conditions under the Soviet Government as under the former Imperial Government. Not the form of government but lack of economic organization was at fault.

Even had it been the intention of the new Government to stimulate an increased production of the land, it was obviously powerless to accomplish this because the agricultural equipment available in Russia had never been more than sufficient to cultivate more than about 30 per cent of the arable land, and first during the war and later owing to the economic blockade of Russia it was not only impossible to add to this equipment but impossible also to maintain the equipment already existing in a state of repair. In a word, since 1914 Russia's agricultural production had been slowly undergoing an inexorable process of enforced attrition. . . .

Agriculture Under the Landlords

Before the war the average holding of the peasant family (whether owned or rented is immaterial) was about 8 acres. By the system then in vogue the peasant holding, say, 8 acres of a landlord was compelled to cultivate a similar amount for his landlord in lieu of rent. When, however, by his industry and frugality a peasant had been able to increase his holdings —increasing also the amount of land he must cultivate for his landlord thereby—a point was automatically reached at which he must make a very considerable new capital investment in agricultural machinery if he was to continue to increase the land under his cultivation. This additional capital investment the Russian peasant was rarely ever able to make, and in consequence instead of leasing more land and cultivating it himself on a larger scale, with modern farm machinery, he leased or purchased more land and then sublet it, thus becoming not a large tenant farmer but a small landlord. The significance of this fact lay in its automatically keeping cultivation down to the small farm stage—sickles, scythes, hand binding, threshing with flails, etc.—thus employing a vast number of persons for a relatively inconsiderable grain production, and so keeping two-thirds of the arable land of the country uncultivated. A peasant family rarely held over twenty-five acres and in a very few instances were the peasants equipped, single handed, to cultivate even that much. . . .

This fact is cardinal, for taken in conjunction with the war which limited the imports of Russia to war materials and the economic blockade which cut them off altogether, it makes clear the reason why the division of the land among the peasants failed to increase production of food products in Russia. . . .

For seven years the imports of agricultural machinery, spare parts for repairs, tractors to take the place of draft animals used for war purposes, and power machinery to replace the loss of man power due not only to the losses by war but to the fact that some of the most densely populated sections of Russia have been ceded to other countries—Poland, Rumania, Latvia, Lithuania, etc.—by the terms of the various peaces entered into by Russia, have been negligible. In this period the depreciation of any agricultural machinery, even with the best of care (which in Russia it has not) is so great as to render it virtually useless, and the loss from the sum total of agricultural machinery existing in 1914, when open importation ceased, is of necessity, and has actually been, in rapid progression year by year as the material for repairs has not been available. It is the opinion of this Commission that Russia today is in need of at least $500,000,000 worth of agricultural machinery, and that, without a very considerable immediate importation of machinery, cultivation in Russia, never more than 30 per cent of the arable land and in 1920 only about 75 per cent of that, will dwindle with the greatest possible rapidity. The consequences of this upon the food supply of Europe need no definition.

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Destruction of Agricultural Equipment

It is the impression of this Commission that the world in visualizing the situation which exists in Russia today is inclined to forget that Russia has been in a state of almost continuous warfare for the past seven years. It is not the province of this Commission to discuss why this has been true in Russia nor to attempt to fix the responsibility therefor; it is, nevertheless, a fact that war has scarcely ceased so far as Russia is concerned since 1914, with all that this implies of destruction, of exhaustion of material resources and human resources, and, with the economic blockade which has existed since 1917, of practical impossibility to repair the exhaustion of material resources which has been the direct result of the blockade in question.

The present famine district of Russia suffered with peculiar severity from this state of affairs. Not only was it expected to supply the food, the men, and the horses, always to one and frequently to both warring armies, but it became on occasions the actual field of combat of the struggling forces, suffering in consequence the same damages that were suffered in northwest France and in Belgium, with this important difference, namely, that after the armistice in 1918 the enemy countries were by the armistice terms compelled to, and the Allied countries voluntarily hastened to, come to the aid of France and Belgium in their reconstruction, while in Russia not only was this not the case but one military expedition after another launched against Russia merely served to continue and complete the work of destruction which the war had begun. Thus in 1918 the states of Samara and Ufa, both in the famine area, were the fighting ground of the Czecho-Slovaks, the city of Samara was partially sacked by them, and in the very heart of the present famine region draft animals were seized and carried away while farm machinery and farms alike were destroyed. In 1919 the army of Admiral Kolchak penetrated to within twenty miles of the city of Samara and was compelled to retire only by a general uprising of the peasants of Samara, Simbirsk, and Saratov and after a desperate struggle. . . . On the south the states of Tsaritsin, the Don, and Astrakhan—all within the present famine area—furnished the battlefields for the Denikin forces, operating there as late as 1920. In both areas buildings are destroyed, railway stations razed, water tanks and bridges burned, and means of communication greatly damaged. . . .

The Droughts

In 1920, the very year of the cessation of civil war in the famine area itself—and while war was still in progress with Poland on the northwest and with the Wrangel armies on the southwest—a drought, said to have been quite as severe as that of 1911, further reduced the output of an already reduced area of cultivation. . . . In April of this year a still severer drought made itself manifest in the whole Volga region. The following table of comparative climatic conditions between this year and the average of the previous seventeen years, in the state of Samara in the heart of the famine district, furnishes the details:

	April	May	June
Average temperature (centigrade) of the air:			
Average of past 17 years.....	5.1	13.	15.
1921	9.18	19.3	24.9
Average temperature (centigrade) of the soil:			
Average of past 17 years.....	6.	17.	25.
1921	13.	25.	32.
Average rainfall (millimeters):			
Average of past 17 years.....	21.	38.8	46.9
1921	1.7	0.3	5.1
Evaporation (millimeters):			
Average of past 17 years.....	55	128	136
1921	88	213	281

These figures require no comment. The results of the excessive heat and lack of moisture are obvious to anyone visiting the famine country. The land is parched. All vegetation has been burned up. In the few fields where any grain has appeared at all the sparse and stunted plants would not pay cutting, save in the event of a desperate lack of food; in this instance these plants have been carefully cut, even one by one, and what few grains of wheat, rye, or barley they bore have been painstakingly harvested by hand. . . .

The Spirit of the Peasant

It is the observation of this Commission that there is no tendency whatever on the part of the peasant farmers of Russia voluntarily to reduce their production to a minimum, for any reason whatever. They are today, and they have been throughout, eager to cultivate the maximum land at their disposition and for the cultivation of which they still have equipment. This Commission is well aware that this finding may upset a preconceived idea of the situation in Russia today which is current abroad. It is, however, true that this Commission has seen the land being plowed and sown in the heart of the famine area, in anticipation of a crop next year, when those who were plowing and sowing the land in question were actually living on bread made of flour of acorns, "soosak," sunflower seeds, and millet and when they were consciously facing a failure of even this inadequate form of nourishment by January 1, 1922. This Commission wishes to record here its conviction that the gradual decrease of the area of cultivation in Russia has been due to the causes herein set forth, namely, to the old system of land tenures which automatically limited the agricultural equipment of the country; to the inability of the peasant farmer for the past seven years to increase his agricultural equipment; to the depreciation and destruction of agricultural equipment, loss of draft animals, and lack of man power due to war conditions; and, finally, to the droughts of 1920 and 1921; and that it has not been due in any appreciable measure to a voluntary reduction of production on the part of the farmers themselves, for whose industry and courage in the face of adversity this Commission has the highest admiration.

Remedies

There are of course two general methods of dealing with a situation of the nature of that which exists in Russia today: (1) It may be regarded as an isolated and ephemeral disaster, comparable to an earthquake or an epidemic, to be accorded a helping hand for the brief period of its greatest intensity. (2) It may be looked upon in its relation to the economic life of the rest of the world, and its consequences weighed not merely as affecting so many million inhabitants of the Volga Valley of Russia, temporarily suffering from famine, but as affecting the whole population of Europe whose bread supply in the past was in a very considerable measure dependent upon this very Volga Valley of Russia, and with whom both the present high cost of living and the international exchange difficulties are by no means unrelated to the cutting off of the grain supply from Russia. . . .

In the first case, the extent of the relief to be afforded, if any, depends upon no consideration save the desire of those who may wish to furnish relief to the suffering people of the famine area of Russia. For this purpose, no further report would be required of this or any other Commission or individual than a report showing that a famine exists and that relief from without is requisite if a very great number of people are not to die. . . .

But aid of this nature, however valuable, has and can have no relation to the broader problem which, thus far, has been generally appreciated in respect of the remainder of Europe but is not yet perhaps so widely considered as applying to Russia, namely, that there can be neither well-established peace nor recovery from the general effects of the war until every nation and every people whose economic life has been dislocated by war conditions has returned to a certain normalcy. It is not in the least a political question, nor does it matter under what

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form of government the fields of the Volga Valley are plowed and sown and harvested. What is vital, not to Russia alone, but to the rest of Europe and to the United States, upon which the economic support of those suffering from the effects of the war in the rest of Europe has already fallen, directly or indirectly, and will fall again, is that the fields of the Volga Valley shall be plowed and sown and harvested, and not permitted to revert to a desert through lack of foresight on the part of the Soviet Government of Russia or any other government. . . .

What the Soviet Government Is Doing

1. The children are being fed, clothed, and housed, so far as the available resources of the government permit. In Samara, for example, 50,000 children are being housed, clothed, and fed by the Soviet Government. This Commission found them well cared for, cleanly housed but rather scantily clothed in cotton garments. They were receiving 7 ounces of bread per day, each, and soup with meat twice a week. At Syzran this Commission inspected a soup kitchen for children at which 7 ounces of bread and a tin of hot soup were supplied each child once daily. In Tsaritsin 20,000 children were being cared for in institutions, clothed as in Samara, and furnished 7 ounces of bread and 18 grammes of sugar daily, with meat or fish soup twice or thrice per week. At Nevinnomysskaya and other points the largest available buildings in the towns had been turned into orphanages and children's hospitals, while in Moscow the former School for the Daughters of the Nobility had been made an orphanage. These may be taken as characteristic examples.

2. A nation-wide propaganda is being conducted for the relief of the famine sufferers. . . .

3. The Soviet Government is levying and is actually collecting without difficulty in districts where crops have been sufficient to sustain life until next harvest a famine tax in kind which varies from 5 per cent to 15 per cent, according to the crop, the same to be used as seed as fast as it can be gathered and delivered direct to the points of greatest need. This Commission saw this contribution being brought in many villages by the peasants themselves, without compulsion of any kind, and saw the seed grain so gathered being delivered and stored at Samara, where 9,000 tons had already been received and issued for seed purposes. . . .

4. According to Commissar Kamenev the Soviet Government of Russia has purchased in Sweden and the Baltic states some 162,000 tons of grain to be used for seed purposes throughout Russia, and is endeavoring to purchase a further supply of seed grain in Persia. The plan of the Government, Commissar Kamenev states, is "to take from the hungry to feed the starving," that is, for the central Government to requisition throughout Russia even the winter food supply of grain where there is such and distribute the same for fall sowing, as seed, in the famine area, in the hope of being able in the interim to replace the grain thus requisitioned. The desperate character of such a measure does not, of course, require to be pointed out. It may be seriously doubted if in any country in the world today such a measure could be carried out except in Russia, and it may be doubted, indeed, if it can be generally carried out in Russia. As a similar measure was carried out in Russia in 1919 for war purposes, it is possible that it may be carried out again this year, however.

5. A very extensive program of propaganda to persuade the peasants to remain on their farms and put in next season's crops is being conducted by the Soviet Government. . . .

6. Where, however, the peasant farmers have been unwilling to await the results of the Government's efforts, and have left their homes in a panic of fear of a famine winter to crowd into the Volgaside cities, railway centers, and neighboring states, the Soviet Government has organized their transportation to such parts of Russia and Siberia as have enjoyed at least an average crop and are in a position, therefore, to share their food supply with those who have none.

It is not pretended, even by the Soviet Government, that any of the above measures are anything more than mere emergency measures calculated to deal with the immediate problem as it arises. The Soviet Government has a well-conceived plan of rehabilitation of the present famine district, with a view to restoring it to at least its pre-war productiveness and if possible developing it even further. . . .

Measures of Permanent Rehabilitation

It is the judgment of this Commission that however necessary certain emergency relief measures may be in meeting the crisis of the famine in the Volga district of Russia . . . no measures of relief in Russia can accomplish any lasting good or insure Russia against an immediate return of famine conditions which do not have as their basis the purpose to enable the people of Russia to help themselves, by putting them in a position to achieve the economic rehabilitation of their country. . . .

To accomplish any lasting good not only for the people of Russia, whether in the famine district or elsewhere, but also for the rest of Europe, the following essentials are immediately requisite in Russia: . . .

1. Food sufficient to enable the peasant farmers to live on their farms until next harvest is in, and to induce those who have left to return to their farms.

2. Seed sufficient to sow at the very least the minimum acreage of 1920, and if possible of course more.

3. Agricultural implements sufficient to cultivate the land, sow this seed, and harvest the resulting crop in 1922.

4. Either draft animals to take the place of those which have been taken from the farms during the last seven years for use in the army, or have been eaten up in the last few months by the hungry peasants, or in default thereof, tractors in sufficient numbers to do the work required.

5. Sufficient transportation to insure the rapid distribution of these things at the points where they are needed by the peasant farmers. . . .

The Need of Tractors

According to statistics furnished by the People's Commissar for Agriculture there was a reduction in the number of draft horses between 1916 and 1920 of 16 per cent—that is, of course, not simply that 16 per cent of the draft horses had been withdrawn from the pursuits of peace, but that 16 per cent of the draft horses of Russia had disappeared, largely due of course to the losses of war. This Commission has no figures as to what proportion of the remaining 84 per cent of the draft horses of Russia are still on the farms. Relatively few are in the cities, for under the present Government private carriages, racing stables, hunting mounts, and horses for pleasure riding have disappeared. . . .

Two things are clear in respect of the draft animals in the Volga district of Russia: (1) There were never at any time more than about one-third the number necessary to cultivate all the arable land; (2) there are today scarcely one-half this number and by next spring there will not be anything like so many available for the planting and harvesting of the 1922 crop.

Under these circumstances there is but one solution of the question: tractors. This is appreciated by everyone with whom this Commission spoke of the matter. There are today in Russia, the property of the Soviet Government and in use for demonstration purposes and to cultivate the national land, a number of tractors—mostly old-fashioned, out-of-date machines. There should be at least 2,000. . . .

The Fuel Shortage

According to Prof. George Lomonossoff, Director General of Russian Railways under the Imperial Government and subsequently under the Kerensky Government and today, under the Soviet Government, occupying the important post of chief of the Russian Commission for the Purchase of Railway Supplies

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abroad, there are now in Russia 1,750 locomotives idle for lack of fuel. In view of the handicap under which Soviet Russia is laboring on account of the shortage of locomotives this enforced idleness of so large a portion of the locomotives that there are in Russia is, to use the expression of Professor Lomonossoff, "disheartening." But the reasons for it are not, after all, far to seek.

1. The mazoot (oil residue) shortage is of long standing, and is due to the fact that the oil wells of Baku, in the Socialist Soviet Republic of Azerbaijan, which formerly produced 13 per cent of the oil output of the world, have produced little or nothing since 1917, owing to disturbed conditions in that country. . . . So far as oil fuel is concerned, there is but one solution, namely, new machinery and technical experts for the Baku field. . . .

2. The coal shortage in Russia is of much more recent origin than the shortage of mazoot. It dates primarily from the operations of the Denikin army in and about the Donetz coal basin in 1919, seconded by the operations, never actually in, but against, the Donetz coal basin by the Wrangel armies in 1920. It is difficult to escape the conclusion that the choice of Taganrog in the Donetz coal basin as Denikin's headquarters, and of the Donetz coal basin itself as the immediate objective of the Wrangel armies, was not altogether fortuitous. The coal and iron mines of this region had been, formerly, French properties. The "basin," lying north of the Sea of Azov and in the valley of the Donetz River, comprises some 10,000 square miles and produced, before the war, between 25,000,000 and 30,000,000 tons of coal annually. When Denikin's effort at the reconquest of Russia finally failed, he left this district, which had been the center of his military operations, a ruin. This Commission has been through the district in question, and can compare it adequately only to the similar mining districts of northern France and Belgium immediately after the armistice. There is this difference, however; the terms of the peace treaty imposed on the vanquished in the war the duty of putting the mines of France and Belgium in a state of operation once more. Those of the Donetz coal basin are as they were left by the Denikin armies, and the economic blockade of Russia had made it impossible for the Russian Government to put them in working order. . . .

Locomotives

At the height of the war, the Russian military front was some 2,000 miles in extent, and it was necessary to supply an army of unprecedented dispersion virtually entirely by rail. The strain which this placed upon the Russian railway system was so great that in 1916 both Moscow and Petrograd were left for considerable periods without food owing to the congestion of the railways devoted primarily to supplying the armies. The need for additional locomotives was seen, and a mission was sent to the United States to order them. The revolution, however, intervened and those locomotives were never delivered to the Soviet Government of Russia. Recently 700 locomotives have been ordered in Germany, to be delivered by the end of February, 1922, together with a considerable quantity of spare parts, tires, boiler tubing, and other material for the repair of the locomotives now in Russia. One thousand locomotives have also been ordered in Sweden, of which 50 are to be delivered this year and 250 each succeeding year until complete delivery has been made. At present, however, there is an acute shortage of locomotives in Russia which greatly complicates the handling of the famine situation by the Russian Soviet Government. . . .

This Commission would fail of its duty, however, did it not record that the limited train service which is attempted under these trying circumstances is surprisingly well conducted. Trains leave on time and generally speaking arrive on time. The great continental expresses which link Russia with Transcaucasia, Transcaspia, Turkestan, and Siberia, and those which connect Petrograd with Rostov-on-Don and Odessa run regularly. Yet the railway roadbeds throughout Russia are sadly in need of repairs. In the district where Denikin's army operated scarcely a station or a water tank is left standing, and there is not a single bridge, even including the great railway bridge over the Don at Chir, which has not been damaged or blown up. Yet all of these bridges, left behind by the retreating Denikin armies in this condition, have been very skilfully repaired or replaced by wood construction in default of structural steel. The need for structural steel in Russia today, to make these repairs permanent, is stupendous. According to Professor Lomonossoff, if no impediment is placed in the way of Russia's purchase of railway supplies abroad, the railway system of Russia can be put in pre-war condition by January 1, 1927.

The Soviet Government Will Pay Its Way

So far as this Commission is concerned a disposition of the fullest and most cordial cooperation was shown it by the Soviet authorities throughout Russia, from the lowest to the highest. It was given the freest opportunity to observe and no limitations of any kind were put upon its movements and no bounds, either expressed or implied, were put upon any report which this Commission might see fit to make.

This Commission found the Soviet officials uniformly earnest, hard-working, to all appearances sincere men, as well equipped for their work as the average officials of any country, and certainly, so far as the members of this Commission could judge, profiting in no way personally by whatever power their positions placed in their hands. The Commission did not discuss politics with the officials with whom it came into contact and is ignorant whether they were or were not Communists. It found them, however, reasonable men eager for the economic regeneration of their country and ready to take whatever steps they consistently could to achieve this end. . . .

From the beginning the report of this Commission has envisaged a comprehensive scheme of economic aid of Russia, particularly in the agricultural field, on a very large scale. It has never, however, been the thought of this Commission that the program which it has clearly in mind, and which would, in its estimation, return the great wheat-growing region of Russia to its former position as the granary of Europe, should be a program of charity. On the contrary, Commissar Kamenev has been specifically quoted as saying that "for the regeneration of Russia we expect and are ready to pay our own way." This has been the attitude of the Soviet authorities with whom this Commission has come into contact throughout. That Soviet Russia is ready to pay in one form or another for the assistance which is required . . . is in the estimation of this Commission a fact which needs no discussion. That much of the damage which must be repaired in Russia has been due to civil war, incited by those who have profited by the peace terms to accomplish their own rehabilitation, while Russia, which for three years at a frightful expense in human life fought beside the victors in the war, has suffered only territorial deprivations and a continued state of war, is unfortunately true. The knowledge of this fact is widespread in Russia, and is perhaps one of the difficulties in the way of a better understanding between Russia and the rest of the world. It is not a difficulty which obsesses the leaders of Russia, however—if indeed there be leaders in Russia. They are frankly ready to enter into commercial relations with other countries, and have demonstrated this willingness by consummating various commercial conventions with Great Britain, Germany, Italy, Greece, etc., which countries now have large so-called "commercial missions" in Moscow endowed with quasi diplomatic functions.

This Commission is ignorant whether the Soviet Government of Russia still possesses a reserve of gold with which it can purchase the supplies, or any part thereof, of which mention has been made in this report hitherto. But one thing is certain, namely, that Russia is a solvent country—that is, given the known natural resources of Russia, mineral, agricultural, arboreal, in mineral waters, in oil, etc., it is always possible for Russia to pledge this or that industry for a period of

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years for a sum sufficient to pay for any supplies which she may wish to obtain abroad. . . . This Commission is aware of two such concessions which were granted during its stay in Russia: one for the hardwoods of the western slopes of the Caucasus Mountains, granted to a German company, and the other for a period of 99 years for the telegraph service of Siberia, to a Swedish company. It is also aware of a possible concession for agricultural development in the state of Yaroslavl, which, according to the terms outlined to this Commission, would be highly advantageous to anyone undertaking the same. It may be added that this Commission traveled from Batum to Constantinople with an American representing an American export firm, who was carrying with him 36 avoirdupois pounds of gold coins which he had received in payment of American goods imported into Soviet Russia. This Commission also met other Americans who claimed to have secured concessions in special fields of the Soviet Government, with which they professed to be highly satisfied.

It is beyond question that the Soviet Government is today ready to grant concessions of development under whatever guaranties may be required by prudence and good business. It can scarcely be contended, therefore, that Russia is either unable or unwilling to give sufficient security for whatever she may require not only to tide her over the present crisis, but to start the country on the upward path again. This Commission is convinced that the guaranties the Soviet Government of Russia is able to give as security of any such concessions are quite as sound as those of many established governments today.

Recommendations

In view of the expressed willingness and the ability of the Soviet Government of Russia to pay for what it requires, this Commission recommends:

1. That a commission be empowered without delay by the Congress of the United States, or if this should be deemed inadvisable, by the American Relief Administration, or any similar organization or group of organizations, American or international, of sufficient size to accomplish the work in hand, to obtain 1,845,000 tons of grain and to deliver the same to the farmers of the Volga region and those of Armenia, the delivery to be effected under the joint control of an American or an international commission and the Soviet Government of Russia.

It is the thought of this Commission that such an amount of grain should be regarded as a loan from the United States, or from those who supply it, to the people of the Volga region and of Armenia to be repaid in kind on demand at a rate proportionate to the current market value of the grain in question, repayment to cover a fixed period of years and to begin in 1925.

2. That the United States Government facilitate under the Act of Congress authorizing the formation of associations for export trade the formation of an association of the American manufacturers of agricultural machinery and tractors, for the purpose of supplying to Russia $500,000,000 worth of agricultural machinery and tractors, as a commercial enterprise.

3. That a similar association be formed of the American manufacturers of locomotives and railway supplies, with which might be associated the manufacturers of bridge iron and steel, with a similar purpose in view, the amount of railway supplies, locomotives, and bridge iron and steel required for the rehabilitation of the Russian railway system to be fixed by a joint commission of technical experts.

4. That the United States enter into a trade agreement with Russia on the general lines of the trade agreements reached between the Soviet Government of Russia and the governments of Great Britain, Sweden, and Italy.

Conclusions

It is not the thought of this Commission that the above recommendations are to be regarded solely as a matter of business, though in the estimation of this Commission they are good business. There is a vast humanitarian element in the present situation in Russia. A sober, industrious, fundamentally honest and intelligent people, numerically greater than the population of the United States, has suffered cruelly from the war and the after-effects of the war. In the creation of the circumstances which have brought about their suffering the United States has not been altogether guiltless. It has been a party, with other nations, in maintaining an economic blockade of Russia which has made it difficult when not impossible for the Russian people to work out their own salvation—a great people, struggling blindly, perhaps, but very earnestly toward the light of a new day in human liberty.

There has been a wrong here which is not in harmony with the high ideals of the brotherhood of man which are at the foundation of our own institutions. The hour has come to repair this wrong by aiding in guiding toward civilization a vast population in grievious peril of going astray.

The Arms Conference and the Red International

THE Bulletin of the Executive Committee of the Communist International, published at Petrograd, printed in its issue of September 20 the "theses" of the committee on the subject of the Armaments Conference at Washington.

I. The Washington Conference

The Washington Conference, called by the Government of the United States for the regulation of Eastern Asiatic problems and the limitation of armaments, is the latest of a series of futile attempts of capitalistic society in its search for a way out of the tangle of contradictions which the World War had so vividly revealed but was unable to solve. As the idea of "Mitteleuropa," so also the idea of a league of nations has suffered bankruptcy. Both German and English capital proved its inability so to organize the capitalist world as to preserve the exploitation of one nation by another while doing away with armaments and the perpetual danger of war. At present, three years after the end of the war and two years after the conclusion of peace, Europe presents the appearance of a cage in which beasts are fighting over a gnawed bone while their tamers look on, sometimes throwing them another bone and sometimes chastizing them with a whip. After victorious capitalism had so splendidly displayed how fit it was for the role of organizer of the world, the United States of America, which had already participated in the Versailles attempt to establish a league of nations and then hesitated to join this league, its own creation, is again taking the initiative by calling a conference to regulate the problems of the Pacific, most important for the United States and for the settlement of the differences in Eastern Europe. With an eye on the Pacific shores the United States wishes to introduce the question of disarmament as a world question. And this is to be achieved at the Washington Conference.

This attempt will fail just as all previous attempts have failed. At best it may end with a new combination of forces and a new complication of the existing contraventions. This is to be inferred from the definition of the motive powers in the United States, England, and Japan and a concrete statement of their differences.

II. The Return of the United States to Europe

The United States withdrew from the League of Nations in the first place because England, with her six votes, put her seal upon the League; secondly, because the American capitalists did not want to assume any responsibility for the territorial boundaries of the world that had been patched up at Versailles; and, last, because the Republican machine wanted to use the fact that the petit-bourgeois masses had tired of Europe to push the Democratic machine away from the government trough. However, the United States could not withdraw from world

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politics. The capitalists of Europe and the Allies owe it $20,000,000,000. The outcome of the European conflicts would determine not only whether the debtors would be able to pay their debts, but also whether the United States would be in a position to maintain the industries which had developed during the war. In 1919 there was a faction of American capital which supposed that its prosperity did not depend on the economic development of Europe. But during the crisis of 1920-21 even the American farmers awoke to the fact that America cannot export its products to Europe as long as the economic life of Europe goes on disintegrating. That was the reason that prompted the United States to take part in settling the question of German reparations. It acts with the council of the Allies in settling the questions of Upper Silesia, it assumes a definite attitude toward the problem of the Russian famine. In short, the United States reentered the council of the Allies, this actual embodiment of victorious world capitalism, which reduced the Council of the League of Nations to the role of a mere puppet. The United States is now anxious to gain control over the council of the Allies and to attain this, it is taking advantage of the present difficult position of its English rival.

III. The Position of England

British imperialism in order to win the war had to call in the colonies. In 1917 it gave them a voice in shaping the foreign policy of Great Britain. At present it is obliged to reaffirm this right of the colonies, since alone it is not able to raise the expenses for the naval armaments which it considers necessary to keep pace with the United States as well as with its allies, Japan and France, whom it must count as factors of power. Great Britain is replaced by a federation of Great Britain with the self-governing capitalist British colonies whose interests are not the same as those of the mother country. England wants to maintain its alliance with Japan in order to have an ally in the contingency of a conflict with the United States, to stir up American-Japanese differences, and then to serve as mediator between American and Japanese imperialism; but the young Canadian capitalism, which, owing to its geographical position, is constantly becoming more dependent upon the United States, cannot afford any straining of its relations with its powerful neighbor. At the conference of the premiers Canada declared its opposition to a renewal of the alliance with Japan and declined to consider itself in any way bound by this alliance. For Australia, Japan is the only possible adversary, and America is an ally in case of a conflict with Japan. The farmers of South Africa do not want to have anything to do with conflicts in world politics. Owing to this attitude of its most important colonies English imperialism *has no longer a free hand in its policy toward the United States of America.*

In consequence of the growing economic competition between Great Britain and the United States both of them are confronted by the question whether this competition, in an atmosphere of unsolved difficulties in world politics, would not lead toward increased armaments, which might eventually result in a new world war. In such a war the position of Great Britain would be far more endangered than it was in the World War of 1914-1918, because, while being unable to rely completely upon its colonies, it would probably have for an enemy France, whose attempts to control all of continental Europe by a system of vassal states, such as Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, and Rumania, as well as its policy in the East tend to widen the antagonism between itself and Great Britain.

British imperialism aided in destroying not only the naval but also the land power of German capital. The disarmament of German capitalism leaves France the most important factor on the Continent. With the development of far-shooting artillery, aircraft, and submarines this most important factor would in case of war as an ally of the United States not only maintain a complete blockade of England, but would even attempt

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This appeal was approved by **Mrs. Martha Bensley Bruère, Prof. John Dewey, Dr. John Lovejoy Elliott, Mr. John A. Fitch, Prof. Joseph K. Hart, Dr. John Haynes Holmes, Mrs. Florence Kelley,** and **Prof. Harry G. Ward.**

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to land forces on the British Isles. In view of this position the British Government is compelled to seek an understanding with the American Government. The object of this understanding is the creation of an *Anglo-Saxon trust with its central point in America. The price of this trustification is to be paid by Japan.*

IV. The Isolation of Japan

In the war Japanese imperialism enriched itself at small expense. It exported war materials for the Allies and took advantage of the fact that England was hindered by the war from providing its colonies sufficiently with industrial products. In the beginning of the war Japan diplomatically hindered China from entering the World War, and then it seized Kiaochow and the Shantung province and established itself in the place of German imperialism. Japan stirred up internal strifes in China in order to attain the position of organizer, in fact, of ruler of this great country which is slowly emerging from feudal disintegration toward national unity under the leadership of the bourgeois South. The results of the World War are endangering the fruits of Japan's victory. With the defeat of Germany and the collapse of imperialist Russia which could be made a partner in predatory expeditions, Japan can look only to England for assistance against the United States.

V. The Plans of the United States in Eastern Asia

The United States has a tremendous need of economic expansion and it looks upon China and Russia (especially Siberia) as the great markets which it is necessary first to invade. In view of the exclusive position which America holds as creditor of the world, in view of the great power of competition which American capital possesses not only as compared with Japanese but also with English industry, the United States is naturally opposed to all special privileges which the other imperialist states, England, France, and Japan, have achieved in China and which they now may achieve in Siberia. In order to eliminate Japan the United States has introduced the slogan of the "open door" in China, which was first proclaimed by the American Secretary of State John Hay in 1900. The attitude of the United States toward the question of the Chinese wireless station on the island of Yap shows that it is determined to take up the fight along the whole front. This policy of the United States endangers the interests of England, but not as much as those of Japan. Not only because England is more fit to withstand the competition of the United States but also because the questions of the Pacific, which for Japan are questions of life itself, present for England only one of its important world problems. Thus Japan may count upon the assistance of England only to a certain extent. When confronted with the alternative of choosing between Japan and the United States, England will decide in favor of the United States. For this reason the *Washington Conference signifies the attempt of the United States by diplomacy to snatch from Japan the spoils of victory.*

VI. The Prospects of the Washington Conference

The first condition for any limitation of armaments on the Pacific or for the division of maritime privileges between the several Powers is dependent upon the diplomatic negotiations over the disputed questions of the Pacific. England will be the partner of Japan and will endeavor to bring about a compromise between the United States and Japan, which would allow it to maintain the alliance with Japan by formally drawing America into this alliance. The military value of the alliance with Japan for the eventuality of a war with the United States is very great, and the diplomatic advantages of this alliance in case of conflicts with the United States cannot be underestimated. In order to attain an Anglo-American-Japanese alliance Japan would get compensations in Siberia and America would be given concessions in China or admitted to the exploitation of the oil wells in Mesopotamia, etc. If the United States is successful it may try to create close relationships with Japan within the Anglo-Japanese-American alliance. Then the three Powers might arrive at a treaty which would determine to what degree naval armaments could be mutually tolerated without creating an endangering competition. If they do not succeed in arriving at any settlement of the disputed questions, then the economic struggle as well as armament struggle will continue unabated. Thus we have in the first instance the trustification of the United States with England and the diminishing of Japan's war booty in favor of America at the expense of China and, eventually, of Soviet Russia. Then this pact, as was once the Peace of Shimonoseki by which Russia, Germany, and France sought to snatch from Japan the fruits of her victory over China in 1894, will be the starting-point of new diplomatic groupings and new political complications. In the second instance the process of accentuating the differences will be accelerated. But in no instance will the differences disappear altogether, because there always remains the dominating world problem of the economic contraposition of England and America. There is still the Anglo-French disagreement, and besides the differences by which the capitalist victors are divided among themselves, there is their antagonism to the defeated capitalist countries, such as Germany, to the colonial countries, and, finally, to Soviet Russia, which presents a breach in the capitalist state system.

VII. The Washington Conference and Soviet Russia

The attempt to include the question of limitation of armaments on the European Continent is doomed to failure. In view of the complete disarmament of Germany, France's safety is not endangered. Still it will not cease its policy of military preparedness, it will not abandon its position as the first military Power on the Continent, as the whole policy of French imperialism is directed toward attaining French hegemony over the European Continent. And besides France there exist her vassal states, which by the Peace Treaty of Versailles and the treaties following it have been granted territories inhabited by foreign and hostile populations. Poland has territory inhabited by great masses of Ukrainians, White Russians, and Germans. Czecho-Slovakia presents the picture of old Austria-Hungary. Besides the Czecho-Slovakian it contains a great German, Czechist, and Hungarian population. Rumania enslaves the masses of Bessarabians and Hungarians. Great masses of the Bulgarian population are under Rumania and Jugoslavia. The whole status quo in Central, South, and East Europe is maintained by force of the bayonet. In the Near East France uses her bases in Africa and Syria to flank England in her most sensitive place—at the Suez Canal. France tries to shatter England's policy of linking up India with Egypt through the creation of a great intermediary Ural state dependent upon English imperialism. In order to persuade France to abandon her military policy England would have to arrive at an agreement with France upon all world problems.

How little the capitalist Powers themselves believe in the possibility of their disarmament is demonstrated by the fact that, at the moment when the English Government responded in most cordial terms to President Harding's invitation to the Conference on Disarmament, £30,000,000 were appropriated for new battleships. As reason for this appropriation the fact was pointed out that Japan is already building eight new dreadnoughts which will be completed by 1925 and has appropriated means for the construction of eight more, and that the United States will possess twelve giant warships by 1925.

The Washington Conference will not accomplish any disarmament nor will it bring any relief for the masses of the people. On the contrary, it represents an attempt to settle the interests of the greater Anglo-Saxon imperialist robbers at the expense of the smaller Japanese robber, of China, and of Soviet Russia. This character of the Washington Conference is emphasized by the fact that Soviet Russia was not invited to participate in it lest she reveal the disgraceful game to be played in Washington with the fate of nations! . . .

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On Living in the United States

By H. L. MENCKEN

IT is one of my firmest and most sacred beliefs, reached after due prayer, that the Government of the United States, in both its legislative and its executive arms, is corrupt, ignorant, incompetent, and disgusting—and from this judgment I except no more than twenty lawmakers and no more than twenty executioners of their laws. It is a belief no less piously cherished that the administration of justice in the Republic is stupid, dishonest, and against all reason and equity—and from this judgment I except no more than twenty judges. It is another that the foreign policy of the United States—its habitual manner of dealing with other nations, whether friends or foes—is hypocritical, disingenuous, knavish, and dishonorable—and from this judgment I consent to no exceptions whatsoever. And it is yet another that the American people, taking them by and large, are the most timorous, sniveling, poltroonish, ignominious mob of serfs and goose-steppers ever gathered under one flag in Christendom since the fall of the Eastern Empire.

Such is my unbreakable faith, held passionately since my nonage and now growing stronger and stronger as I gradually disintegrate into my component carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, phosphorus, calcium, sodium, nitrogen, and iron. Yet here I am, a loyal American, even a chauvinist—paying taxes without complaint, obeying all laws that are physiologically obeyable, accepting all the duties and responsibilities of citizenship unprotestingly, investing the usufructs of my toil in the obligations of the government, contributing my mite toward the glory of the national arts and sciences, spurning all lures (and even all invitations) to get out and stay out—here am I, a bachelor of forty-one, able to go wherever I please and to stay as long as I please, remaining contentedly and even smugly beneath the folds of the Stars and Stripes—a better citizen, I daresay, and certainly a less mercurial and exigent one, than thousands who hold the Hon. Warren Gamaliel Harding in superstitious devotion, and regard the Supreme Court of the United States as directly inspired by the Holy Spirit, and belong ardently to every Rotary Club, Ku Klux Klan, and Anti-Saloon League, and believe with the faith of little children that any one of Our Boys taken at random could dispose in a fair fight of ten Englishmen, twenty Germans, thirty Frenchmen, or fifty Japanese.

Well, why am I still here? In particular, why am I so complacent (perhaps even to the point of offensiveness), so free from indignation, so curiously happy? Why did I answer only with a few academic and polite *Hochs* when Henry James, Ezra Pound, and Harold Stearns issued their successive calls to the native intelligentsia to flee the shambles, escape to fairer lands, throw off the curse forever? The answer is to be sought in the nature of happiness. To me (and I can only follow my own nose) it presents itself in an aspect that is tripartite. To be happy one must be (*a*) well fed, unhounded by sordid cares, at ease in Zion, (*b*) full of a comfortable feeling of superiority to the masses of one's fellow men, and (*c*) delicately and unceasingly amused according to one's taste. It is my contention that, if this definition be accepted, there is no country in the world wherein a man constituted as I am—a man of my peculiar weakness, vanities, appetites, and aversions—can be so happy as he can be in the United States. Going further, I lay down the doctrine that it is a sheer physical impossibility for such a man to live in the United States and *not* be happy. If he says he isn't, then he either lies or is insane. Here the business of getting a living is enormously easier than it is anywhere else in Christendom—so easy, in fact, that an educated and unsqueamish man who fails at it must actually make deliberate efforts to that end. Here the general average of intelligence, of knowledge, of competence, of self-respect, of honor is so low that any man who knows his trade, does not fear ghosts, believes in nothing that is palpably idiotic, and practices the common decencies stands out as brilliantly as a wart on a bald head, and is thrown willy-nilly into a meager and exclusive aristocracy. And here, more than anywhere else in the world, the daily panorama of human existence—the unending procession of governmental extortions and chicaneries, of commercial brigandages and throat-slittings, of theological buffooneries, of aesthetic ribaldries, of legal swindles and harlotries—is so inordinately extravagant, so perfectly brought up to the highest conceivable amperage, that only the man who was born with a petrified diaphragm can fail to go to bed every night grinning from ear to ear, and awake every morning with the eager, unflagging expectations of a Sunday-school superintendent touring the Paris peep-shows.

A certain sough of rhetoric is here. I yield to words as an evangelist yields to them, depicting the almost intolerable bliss of the New Jerusalem. But fundamentally I am quite as sincere as he is. For example, in the matter of attaining to ease in Zion, of getting a fair share of the national swag. It seems to me that the only man who fails to do this in the United States is the man who is somehow stupid—perhaps not superficially, but certainly deep down. Either he is one who cripples himself imprudently, say by setting up a family before he can care for it, or by trusting too naively to the skill and decency of an employer, or by submitting his fortunes to the gross frauds and imbecilities of labor leaders; or he is one who endeavors fatuously to sell something that no normal American wants. When I hear a professor of philosophy complain that his wife has eloped with a moving-picture actor who can properly feed her, my natural sympathy for the man is greatly corrupted by contempt for his lack of sense. Would it be regarded as sane and laudable for a man to travel the Sudan trying to sell fountain-pens, or Greenland offering to teach double-entry bookkeeping? Coming closer, would the judicious pity or laugh at a man who opened a shop for the sale of incunabula in Little Rock, Ark., or who demanded a living in McKeesport, Pa., on the ground that he was a first-rate conductor of grand opera? In precisely the same way it seems to me to be nonsensical for a man to offer generally some commodity that only a few rare and dubious Americans want, and then weep because he is not patronized. One seeking to make a living in a country must pay due regard to the needs and tastes of that country. Here in the United States we have

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no jobs for grand dukes, and none for *Wirkliche Geheimräte*, and none for palace eunuchs, and none for masters of the buckhounds—and very few for contrapuntists, metaphysicians, astro-physicists, assyriologists, grammarians, water-colorists, and epic poets. Well, then, why practice such trades—that is, as trades? The man of independent means may venture into them prudently; it may even be argued that he performs a public service by adopting them. But the man who has a living to make is simply silly if he goes into them. Let him abandon the vain enterprise, and go into the chautauquas or the uplift instead, as, indeed, thousands of Ph.D.'s have already done. Let him bear in mind the fact that, whatever its neglect of the humanities and their monks, the Republic has never got half enough bond salesmen, quack doctors, ward politicians, phrenologists, evangelists, circus clowns, magicians, soldiers, farmers, popular song-writers, chautauqua orators, bootleggers, policemen, detectives, spies, snoopers, and *agents provocateurs*. The rules are set; the discreet man observes them. Observing them, he is safe, in fair weather or foul. The boob is a bird that knows no closed season—and if he won't come down to Texas oil-stock or a one-night cure for diabetes, he will always come down to Inspiration and Optimism, whether political, theological, pedagogical, literary, or economic.

If it is thus easy to get money in the United States, given ordinary prudence and resourcefulness, it is equally easy to get balm for the ego, given ordinary dignity and decency. Simply to exist, indeed, on the plane of a civilized man is to attain to a distinction that should be enough for most of us; it is even likely to be too much, as the frequent challenges of the Klu Klux Klan, the American Legion, and other such patriotic societies testify. Here is a country in which all political thought and activity is concentrated upon the scramble for jobs. Go into politics, then, without seeking or wanting a job, and at once you are as conspicuous, almost, as the Cid was in Spain. Here is a country in which it is an axiom that a business man shall be a member of the Rotary Club, an admirer of Charles M. Schwab, a reader of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and a golfer—in brief, a vegetable. Spend your hours of escape from *Geschäft* reading Remy de Gourmont and practicing the violoncello, and the local Sunday newspaper will infallibly find you out and hymn the marvel. Here is a land in which women rule and men are slaves. Train your women to get your slippers for you, and your ill fame will match Galileo's or Darwin's. Here is the Paradise of democrats, of back-slappers. Maintain ordinary reserve, and you will arrest instant attention—and have your hand kissed by multitudes who, despite democracy, have all the inferior man's unquenchable thirst to worship superiors. Nowhere else on earth is superiority more facilely attained or more eagerly admitted. The most conspicuous and respected American in nearly every field of endeavor, saving only the purely commercial (I even exclude the financial and the manufacturing) is a man who would attract absolutely no attention in any other country. The leading American critic of literature, after twenty years of incessant exposition, has yet to make it clear what he is in favor of. The leading American musical director, if he went to Leipzig, would be put to polishing trombones. The chief living American military genius belongs to the Elks. The leading American philosopher (now dead, with no successor) spent a lifetime erecting an epistemological defense for the national maxim "I don't know nothing about—, but I know what I like." The greatest statesman the United States has produced since Lincoln was fooled by Arthur James Balfour, and miscalculated his public support by more than 5,000,000 votes.

I refrain from marshaling evidence that life in the United States offers the greatest show in the world; the proofs are too numerous and too insistent. We have clowns in constant practice among us who are as far above the clowns of any other great state as a Jack Dempsey is above a Y. M. C. A. secretary—and not one, but whole herds of them. Human enterprises that, in all other countries, are resigned despairingly to an incurable dulness—things that seem devoid of exhilarating amusement by their very nature—are here lifted to such inordinate buffoonery that contemplating them tears the very midriff from its moorings. I cite one example, and pass on: the worship of God. Everywhere else on earth it is carried on in a solemn and dispiriting manner; in England, of course, the bishops are obscene, but the average man seldom gets a chance to see them. Now come home. Here we not only have bishops who are vastly more obscene than even the most gifted of the English bishops; we have also a great force of superlative specialists in ecclesiastical mountebankery—the Rev. Dr. Billy Sunday and his host of disciples. Every American town has one of its own: a holy clerk with such superb talent for introducing the arts of jazz into the salvation of the damned that his performance takes on all the gaudiness of a four-ring circus, and the bald announcement that he will raid Hell on such and such a night is enough to empty all the town blind-pigs and bordellos and pack his sanctuary to the doors. Personally, I have been overfed with such ribaldries, and prefer politics, patriotism, and the Ziegfeld Follies. But within the limits of my prejudices I have quite as much fun as you do, and a great deal more than any imaginable European. Lately, within the space of two weeks, I was torn with such mirth that I actually came down with a severe tetany. First, I read the returns of the New York municipal election. Then I made a tour of the New York cafés and observed the results of Prohibition. Then I went to Washington and viewed the triumphal arch erected in honor of the delegates to the Disarmament Conference: an exact replica of the façade of Mrs. Jack Johnson at the last inaugural ball. Then I passed the guards and heard Dr. Harding's opening address to the Conference. And then——

But to think of the appointment of young Teddy Roosevelt, Jr., as American naval expert brings me, even now, to such hysterical snickers, such orgiastic and unhygienic cackles, that I put away the memory on the advice of my medical adviser. This episode, in fact, assaults me from two sides. Not only is it intrinsically almost beyond the grasp of the most cynical imagination—a feat of imbecility that lifts itself to truly epic heights—a masterpiece comparable to the Fifth Symphony, the Sistine frescoes, or the human eye. In addition it is something more. It is a subtle and devastating *attentat* upon democracy, a proof that there is nothing, after all, in that superstition. We subscribe to the doctrine of human equality—and the Rooseveltii reduce it to absurdity as brilliantly as the sons of Veit Bach. Where is your equal opportunity now? Here in this Eden of clowns, with the high rewards and usufructs of clowning theoretically open to every poor boy—here in the very citadel of freedom we found and cherish a clown *dynasty!*

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Eagle Sonnets

By CLEMENT WOOD

I

I have been sure of three things all my life.
The first is that I am—a final one
That yields no room for doubt or windy strife—
More certain than the blazing of the sun.
The second, that I was—a fainter fact,
Broken by sudden blanks and curious lapses;
A shadow to each living thought and act,
Yet shadowed by a host of vague perhapses.
The third and last of these, that I will be:
A moment leading to a lengthening span,
A fragment formed of continuity,
A child forever growing into man.
Three things are sure. . . . O you who grope for four,
Know, man is sure of three, and never more.

II

I cannot know that other men exist:
It is but a belief, obscurely guessed.
Within the mirror, brain, they move in mist;
A wall of air holds back the friendliest breast.
To me they are. . . . And so to me the vision
My fancy builds this moment in the air,
Food for a clearer glance's high derision,
Food for a thoughtful hour's thin despair.
For knowledge is from skill of inward seeing,
Not bred of eye, or ear, or touch, alone:
It is the younger, truer name of being,
No gossip spread by careless flesh and bone;
And though from seed to fruit to seed it change,
It is one's self, and knows no further range.

III

We hear the ancients say that man is issue
Of godhood—spirit breathed into the dust.
Man is a favored, roving bud of tissue,
Fed on the countless blossoms of earth's crust.
He is a child of fruit and sturdy grain;
Of bird and beast his sinews have been knit.
These gave the stuff for body and for brain:
If they are godhood, he is spawn of it.
And though old Gabriel split his cheeks with blowing,
No part of us shall rise in that last day:
Within uncounted lives we shall be growing,
Bird in the bird, and clay within the clay.
If he should blow, to clothe again my spirit,
Each part will be too hard at work to hear it.

IV

And—spirit? Is it some ethereal spark
Nurtured in disembodied realms of air,
Sentenced to serve within the human dark,
Finding through death its deathless life elsewhere?
It is the sum of ancient ache and feeling,
All I have touched and seen. I cannot tell
But there are, for a tardier revealing,
More ancient aches and feelings found as well.
Yet this is all. . . . The flower's scent is blended
Of airy particles sprung from its core;
And when the blossom's summer hour is ended,
No scent lives on, to knock at Heaven's door.
And so my spirit, which in striving shone,
Shall follow where the striving heart has gone.

V

Flower of the dust am I: for dust will flower,
Before its final reckoning is had;
And then this dust, in a hot sudden hour,
Shall stagger, veer, and flounder, in a mad,
Tumultuous plunge into that blazing sun
—Mere dust on fire—that gave it once its birth;
And man and all his doings shall be one
With the charred cinder that was once an earth.
And then again a brief, unhurried cooling,
More flowers that walk and dream, maybe—and then
The aged sun will end its scanted ruling
As surely as there is an end to men.
The heavens at last will end, as all things must—
To let new heavens ripple out of dust.

VI

We are parts of a vaster thing than we,
Not isolated aliens astray:
We walk and breathe in a totality
That links all men in its organic sway.
Vaster than this, we grow within a one
That clasps all things that grow within its heart;
Yes, all the lifelessness from sun to sun
Shares in the body in which we have part.
How can the part prove traitor to the whole,
Or how rebel against itself? No more
Than body could rebel against the soul,
Or soul betray the body that it wore.
We are, for all our struts and ecstasies,
Inexorably one with all that is.

VII

With all that is: and here the tongue is dumb,
The voice is silent, and the heart is still.
What things have been, what wilder things will come,
Are locked forever from the straining will.
Only we know no shaping thought or plan
Started the weary whirling of the spheres;
Only we know the drifting mote called man
Is nothing in the spinning of the years.
And whether there are years we are not sure:
Or whether space is boundless or is bound.
We only know that darkness will endure,
And that no savior sun or moon is found:
Only the flicker of a falling star,
Taunting how black the blacker spaces are.

VIII

Faith is the dream that things known false are true;
Truth is our feeble vision in the dark;
Love, that supremest pleasure men pursue,
Is life's device to shield an undimmed spark.
Right is a thing of person and of season,
Justice the sagging of a rusty scale;
And we need only watch the cheater, Reason,
To see how man's last anchorage must fail.
Faith is a vision we must cling to still:
Truth is a god to serve, although we die.
Love is the dear controller of our will,
Justice and right must ring in every cry.
Though Reason let our craft drift out to sea,
Yet we shall find no truer guide than he.

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In General

By ROBERT HERRICK

WHAT after three years of so-called peace is the state of literature? An impossible question to answer at all precisely, yet certain misconceptions that I at any rate held during the war years about the effect of the war upon literature are already apparent.

The effects of the war in general have been quite other than what were commonly expected, or perhaps the full effect of its dislocations is not yet visible to men. The economic effect, for instance, has been quite contrary to what most shrewd prophets predicted. There has been no cataclysmic world shortage of material goods, no bottomless pit created by the methodical destruction of five years (which we were frantically urged to fill up by appeals to "produce, produce!"). In spite of the greedy hoarding and speculation that went on after the armistice in expectation of a world shortage in the necessities of life, today most, if not all, of the primary materials are produced in greater abundance than there is demand for them. And although much of the actual devastation of the war is not yet repaired, the machinery of production is overgeared. There are mills enough, steel and cement and stone enough, to rebuild every ruined structure—but they are idle. It is not dearth which prevents the starving Russians from getting the food they need to keep them alive: it is a paralysis of will, a psychological maladjustment in the relations of humanity throughout the world. Mankind is in a state of coma, or rather of creeping paralysis, with all the materials at hand to save it from death, but without the will to feed and clothe and house itself as before. The doctors talk, discuss and diagnose and prescribe, but nobody seems to understand the disease.

Much the same might be said of the world's imaginative life. In those days of terrible concentration upon slaughter, it seemed inevitable that the physical loss through battle, disease, and privation of so many writers, painters, and musicians—actual and potential—must immediately impoverish the arts and render them largely sterile for at least a generation. To these casualties of the battlefield must be added also the loss of those whose souls had been withered in the furnace of passion, whose sensory nerves had been seared and ruined, to the stunting of all creation—and they were many. The mere material difficulties of carrying on that prolific output of the arts to which we had become accustomed in the easy circumstances of the old world must for a considerable period of time limit all literary and artistic productivity. Over against these expected losses one could place the gain in spiritual depth and significance that literature might be expected to have won in the tragic experience of a world in travail. The greatest of all wars, one felt, must leave its indelible impression upon the imaginative life of mankind, somehow.

Well, it seems clear after three dark, hesitant years that almost nothing of these expectations is to come true—except the irrevocable loss potentially of so much splendid youth!

For the facts today are, as any one can see, that the "output" of the arts in the sense of publication and presentation is almost if not quite as large in volume as before the war. And very little of all this voluminous output since the armistice has anything whatever to do with the war. It is as if the war had never been, as if by tacit agreement the war was to be considered a bore, a mistake not to be mentioned in public except casually. The stream of publication, which by 1917 had been drastically reduced, was resumed shortly after the armistice, like golf and dining, where it began to dry up in the autumn of 1914. Just as it has about caught up in volume of production, so in subject and purpose, in spiritual content (if one can speak of the literature of today in such exalted terms) it has reverted to the interests, the themes, the inspirations of "the good old days." The milkman still delivers the morning milk (somewhat later), the trains still run (more expensively), the shops are open, and "literature" in the old designs gets itself printed and put on the counter for sale. Let us forget the war!

There are exceptions of course, but I am speaking in general. It is a phenomenon worth pondering. Three years after the bloodiest conflict known to mankind, the greatest convulsion humanly and socially the world has ever experienced, one may go into almost any theater in Chicago, New York, London—and I doubt not also Paris—one may buy almost any magazine or book on the stalls, and except for an occasional remote allusion to happenings in the years of interregnum it is impossible to guess that anything momentous has happened to the world, to life itself since 1914. One reason for this state of affairs must be that for large numbers of people, especially of that class which entertains itself with literature, the war was not a deep experience, hardly more than a prolonged sensation to be read about day by day in the newspapers. Their real lives, such as they are, flow on in currents of the past. They are the people who hunger so pathetically for "normalcy," the people who believe devoutly that "human nature always remains the same." Literature means to them the redressing of the familiar manikins in up-to-date garb. They do not realize and never will realize, fortunately for them, that there is a limit to this redressing business, that if human nature is the static thing they profess to believe, it must be mathematically computable how many types, emotions, and ideas it is capable of and how many situations can be evolved. By the present time, judging from the specimens of "since the war" output, that limit has been reached: nothing fresh in material or in psychology is coming in. The art of literature is at a dead center.

It will stay there until mankind begins to recover from that spiritual coma which has settled over it since the peace conference, paralyzing even its material functions. No one can venture to predict how long this state will last.

To use a hackneyed term, which still conveys some sort of meaning to multitudes, our "bourgeois" literature has exhausted itself. It has nothing more to say, nothing that it is capable of discovering, just as our over-industrialized society has exhausted its moral impulse, no matter how thoroughly it achieves the open shop or how quickly it gets itself back to "normalcy" and four per cent money. A great many people will never realize this fact until they are already functioning on a different basis. Literature like life no longer seems to have an unhesitating conviction about anything. It has curiosities, impudencies, pruriences, and fears. Whenever the world emerges from its spiritual coma, one hopes, one believes, that literature, as life, will be more broadly based in its interests than it has been in the society that is now fluttering out. Be that as it may,

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it is clear that no great movement in the arts will come from a paralyzed world, will emerge until large masses of men have achieved a new feeling about life, other convictions and hopes and exaltations than they now have. A new literature cannot come before another religious conversion, another certainty. The old classic world frittered out in a shower of trivialities, ignorant that a newer, more broadly based world was already coming into being. It took a long time of gestation, some hundreds of years, before this new Christian world was sufficiently aware of itself to produce a new literature. The process may be repeated, with a difference in acceleration according to our more evolved condition. But until men and women have ceased to debate and speculate upon the fundamental issues and react to life unconsciously and freshly, with a new conviction about the business of living, a new literature is not to be expected.

Meanwhile there will be of course all sorts of experimentation, the effort to think and feel freshly over life and to discover some new mold into which ideas can be poured. But so long as this experimentation is self-conscious and self-assertive, so long as the artist considers himself "advanced" and his matter controversial, the result must be abortive. At the moment after a vigorous attack upon the older conventions of poetic form there seems to be a lull in this sort of experimentation. The more profitable endeavor of recent literature is that which patiently and expertly attempts to record the contemporary and shifting scene, without intellectual pretense or spiritual inspiration, without any reach beyond the attainably competent. Such literature will make a useful page in the historical exhibit of our period, merging into biography, memoir, and social argument. I have in mind such books as "Domesday Book," "Main Street," "Mary Olivier," a literature without strain or smartness—good, cold reporting. The way is open for a great variety of such work, an ample, useful, honorable opportunity, without the potentiality of greatness.

For so long as the coma lasts, so long as the will of humanity is paralyzed, and the world's accredited spokesmen shout about emptily: "Let's get back to where we were . . . human nature is always the same," etc., etc.; so long as the vast majority of well-meaning, intelligent people read their *Tribunes* and their *Timeses* and are content to believe what they are told—the thing to do for the artist is to describe the patient's symptoms and behavior and wait for the hand of God to touch the pool.

Susie

By ANN HAMILTON

Down by the river-front, beside the docks,
Susie scrubs in a quick lunch bummer's hole.
She steals the money from the cashier's box,
Being too ugly now to steal his soul.
Susie's a used-up whiskey-dyed old shoddy—
Once she drew encores in the cabarets
And sculptors sought her for her lovely body,
So she did posing on her vacant days.
Now when she shuffles past the wharves to work
The sailors when they see her turn away
And some make jokes at her Saint Vitus jerk
And others give her nickels from their pay.
Yet there's a bronze nymph in a museum room
That Susie posed for when she was in bloom.

The City That Died

By ANDREAS LATZKO

WHEN a high aristocrat, a great banker, ruined by gambling or reckless speculation, has to break up his luxurious household he will, first of all, sell the gold brocaded furniture, the costly vases and paintings of his reception rooms; he will try to get an adequate sum for his gorgeous concert grand, in order to obtain for himself and his family the most indispensable comforts of everyday life: kitchen and laundry furnishings, the necessary number of beds, tables, and chairs. A bankrupt millionaire who should do the opposite, sending all beds and kitchen utensils to be auctioned off while reserving for himself the magnificent drawing-room and beloved Steinway, would be considered madly eccentric, and the world would accept with scant pity the news that he had to spend his nights, hungry, crouching on a genuine Louis XV tabouret.

To apply the simile quickly, let us consider with the "concert grand" the Viennese K. K. Hofoper, now called Staatsoper. Its orchestra still is composed of one hundred excellent musicians who play with undiminished skill, only, instead of being dressed in evening clothes they are dressed in old, turned, mended business suits and torn, miserable shoes. In the Vienna of today a pair of plain shoes costs three thousand crowns, a modest suit ten thousand crowns, the simplest sustenance for a single person at least a hundred crowns a day. Since the musicians for reasons of economy live far out in the suburbs, their daily tram ride costs an additional ten crowns each way. Naturally their salaries had to be raised, as had those of chorus, supers, stage-hands, machinists, soloists, and conductors, with the result that the cost of an evening's performance has increased a hundredfold.

Partly to meet this condition, the opera has raised its prices to such an extent that the whole educated middle class, professors, physicians, higher officials, students, in short the very people who used to look forward to a good Tristan performance for weeks, are now excluded from the opera. But even so the opera is far from profiteering—it is kept going at a monthly deficit of millions.

Everybody knows that public institutions must be supported by the public's money, by taxes, while the imperial opera always had its deficit generously met by the emperor, from his private purse. That much-acclaimed event, the republicanizing of the opera, can pride itself on the result that now brain-workers as well as hand-workers have a right to complain about their hard-earned money's being spent on the upkeep of pleasures in which they cannot possibly share. Like hungry worms they must crawl in the dust, far below the unattainable fairy palace of the opera.

It is difficult to realize the situation. In the center of a city whose very heart is being devoured by hunger, sickness, misery, crime, and despair—the great chandelier is lit night after night, the sumptuous concert grand carefully tuned and kept in perfect condition, with the money of the city's starving millions of citizens! These millions, scourged by the scorpions of a frenzied struggle for bare existence, are chained to the maddening treadmill of "work to live and live to work," until their trembling feet give way, the world turns black before hollow eyes, and they are thrown out on the social refuse heap, to die.

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And for whom—this is the most important question—for what kind of people must the chandelier be lit and the Steinway be played night after night at the cost of empty stomachs, worn-out arms, exhausted brains, crazed mothers, and dying children?

He who wants an answer to this question should post himself, any noon-time, at the Schottentor in front of the huge building of the Wiener Bankverein. This institution once was the heart center of a great empire and pulsed its life-giving credit into the industrial and commercial undertakings of a population of fifty millions, from Lemberg to Trieste, from Innsbruck to Kronstadt. Trieste, the kitchen-door for all food deliveries, has now been barricaded; the great industrial centers of Bohemia and Moravia, the oil wells of Galicia, the gold and silver mines of Transylvania, the wheatfields of the Hungarian plains—kitchen, pantry, store-rooms, and cellars—have all been seized by the creditors. But the great banks of Vienna continue to flourish; the princely reception room of the ruined house somehow manages to support itself. In front of the building of the Wiener Bankverein the aggressively tooting private automobiles crowd each other as before the war. Their number has not diminished. It has doubled since 1914, just as all display of luxury has become more exaggerated, insolent, shameless. And the people who own these luxurious automobiles, who indulge in this extravagance and display, who clothe the brazen beauty of their women in hundred-thousand-crown creations while their fellow citizens die of hunger—these people whom the Germans call "Schieber," the Americans "profiteers," the Italians, most fitting of all, *pesce cani* (sharks)—they are the ones for whom the suffering Viennese majority consents to have one-tenth of its insufficient earnings deducted, for them the reception room is illumined and the concert grand played!

One wonders what must be the emotions of the traveler from Switzerland, Holland, America, Scandinavia, who has generously shared his wealth with our destitute children, and, on arriving in Vienna, sees revelry and unbelievable luxury everywhere. He notices any number of women wearing silk stockings at a thousand crowns a pair while a few blocks away babies have to be wrapped in newspapers. He finds the fashionable hotels and amusement places crowded while in the hospitals the sick and dying have to lie on bare mattresses. He sees fat profiteers trying out their newest automobiles while emaciated professors have to sell the last of their beloved books to support themselves and their aged wives. And I can hear him exclaim: But how on earth is this possible, since Austria is a republic, ruled by the will of the majority, not by that of a few thousand human sharks?

Perhaps the answer must be that the Viennese are so incorrigibly frivolous that, even though they can no longer share in gaiety and high living, they at least want to see it going on around them. Vienna always was the reception room of the Austrian empire. People came here to be festive. When the bank director from Cracow, the manufacturer from Bielitz, the merchant from Prague or Budapest, the landowner from Hungary started out on a trip to Vienna, he always had in his wallet a few large bank-notes destined to be spent more lightly than smaller ones at home. And not only Vienna's charm, its much-lauded sparkle and vim, but its very existence depended on these lightly spent bank-notes. The two and a half million people who now succumb to the tragedy of having built their homes in a reception room had always been used to part easily with the money they so easily earned, had always been incomparably more light-hearted, vivacious, brilliant, than the inhabitants of the other cities which represented the empire's work-a-day rooms. Even unto death the Viennese love of display and extravagance was stronger than the healthy, natural, ordinary human instinct of self-preservation.

Now Vienna is dead. The mad revelry the traveler sees is a specter, not life. No source of life is left to this amputated part of a once flourishing empire. The thing that flickers by is nothing but a funeral, ghostlike and horrible. And most horrible that the dead, mutilated body should sit up in his coffin and, white-eyed, gravely examine and fatuously approve of the lugubrious pomp of a first-class burial.

But here, beside this corpse whom human help no longer can benefit, begins the duty of the anatomist. He must ply the dissecting knife, lay bare the causes of destruction, and explain to the world the symptoms of the dreadful malady which, in spite of all outside help, destroyed the beautiful city of Vienna.

There is a disease absolutely fatal to human beings. It consists in the coagulation of the blood into little independent curdled drops, which clog the veins, make circulation impossible, and bring on death. It is the same with the larger organisms, cities, states, nations. Where the feeling of solidarity has cooled to such an extent that the class in power shamelessly exploits the masses who, in their turn, are too much blinded by the worship of wealth and success to insist on stern corrective legislation—there the first bacilli of the deadly disease have begun to course through the organism.

It is the task of every government to keep the finger on its nation's pulse and come to the rescue—lest it share the fate of Vienna.

Notes on Wilfrid Scawen Blunt

By LADY GREGORY

"I HAVE lived my life in full," Mr. Blunt said the other day, and he had written, as I remembered, in the preface to the complete edition of his verse: "No life is perfect that has not been lived, youth in feeling, manhood in battle, old age in meditation," and that very same day some one said to me in London when I spoke of him: "His life has been lived for freedom." That full life of his has, more happily than many, found its record not only in public action but in the intensity of lyrical expression—as an earlier poet has said "outward to man—inward to the Gods." He tells in these "Diaries"[1] in vigorous prose of the circumstances that have in the last thirty years surrounded him, of talks with friends and the gossip of Parliaments, of gatherings for shooting or for tennis or for the sales of his famous Arab Stud. They were written in early mornings not only where Eastern travel accustomed him to rise with the rising of the sun but through London seasons, and visits to great country houses in fine society, for he was many-sided; a man of fashion, rider to hounds at home, rider also

[1] Shortly to be published by Alfred A. Knopf in two volumes, with an Introduction by Lady Gregory from which, with the permission of the publisher, these notes are taken.

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on the camels of the desert; attaché at the court of a King of Greece, a Queen of Spain, an Emperor of the French at the time of that Emperor's supreme vain glory; translator from the Arabic; painter, architect, and sculptor (as is shown in his greatest effort, the beautiful monument at Crawley, the recumbent figure of his brother); politician outside Parliament; revolutionist and helper of revolutions. . . .

I think when London fashion turned against him for his support of the Egyptians who fought for freedom, his good looks were a positive annoyance to his enemies. All had not the good humor of Lord Houghton, who said to me in his whimsical way: "The fellow knows he has a handsome head and he wants it to be seen on Temple Bar." Those good looks on the other hand and perhaps his love of horses softened the sternness of magistrates who visited him according to their duty when he was picking oakum as a prisoner in a cell of Galway jail. For in the Land League days, turning from the East he had taken up the cause of "the westernmost of all European nations and the most Christian," and had held it an honor to be "the first Englishman put in prison for Ireland's sake." He was condemned to two months of that prison life for holding a meeting of protest "against the denial of the right universally claimed by our countrymen to speak where grievances exist." Lady Anne, devoted and heroic, Byron's granddaughter, Ada's daughter, lingered near the jail until work on his behalf called her to England. He took his punishment with a gallant spirit. Bereft of books he found pleasure in watching the sea-gulls as they hovered overhead, and the jackdaws and sparrows on the lookout for scraps of prison food; talking of horseflesh with the visiting justices, even finding a solace in the oakum-picking, "the unraveling of an old tarred rope with a good healthy smell"—(I still possess a strand of this smuggled from the cell, and acting as a marker to my copy of his prison poems "In Vinculis"); even hiding a bit of rope on Saturday to beguile the tedium of the unoccupied Sabbath; but finding his chief hardship in those January nights, being given but scanty covering as he lay on the plank bed that he found harder than the naked ground of any of his Eastern encampments. . . .

An *enfant terrible* of politics indeed, he has kept to the resolve recorded in the first pages of these "Diaries" of "pleading the cause of the backward nations of the world" in and out of season. He has never given up his right of protest against injustice in Egypt and elsewhere, denouncing the floggings and hangings of the villagers of Denshawai in 1905; calling out against the hanging of Dingra, the Hindoo political assassin in 1909; against the Italian massacre of Arabs in Tripoli in 1911; against the hanging of Roger Casement in 1914; and against the "lawyers' arguments" used in the British Cabinet to urge and justify the late war. An unusual and gallant record for a Sussex gentlemen of many acres, of inherited wealth and ease.

The story told in these "Diaries" from year to year, sometimes from day to day, the "humor, the charming good temper that flickers into all corners of life" through its pages, make a richly woven background, a tapestry of rich color, for the adventure of that personal life, the "life of love, the romance of travel, the delight in woods and fields and skies, the pride of ancestry and race" ascribed to him by one who knew him; the many gifts, the mastery of living, that seem to belong to the heroic ages of the world, that show him out as one of Plutarch's men.

Books

Germany's "Moral Offensive"

Die moralische Offensive. Von Prinz Max von Baden. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt.

BAD psychology, or misvaluation of motives, is doubtless responsible for most of the world's present woes. With the bad psychology of the German war-makers we are all familiar. But the bad psychology of the Allied peace-makers is no less deplorable in its consequences. Probably the most mischievous clause of the Versailles Treaty was that by which under *force majeure* Germany was compelled to admit her sole responsibility for war-guilt. Allied statesmen were well aware that the German signatories were putting their names to what they held to be a falsehood. They sought to impose this humiliation of a forced confession, partly as punishment, partly as a formal pretext for treating the whole issue of war-guilt as a *chose jugée.* Both motives were bad, alike in intention and in result. The Allied statesmen probably believed in the sole guilt of their enemy; such belief belongs to the war mind of every belligerent. But to pretend to believe that their enemy was aware of his own sole guilt, that he was hypocritical in his pretense that he was not so aware, and that this forced admission would help to bring him to repentance, is surely a world-record in the art of self-deceit. The first result of this indulgence of victorious malice has been a hardening of the German heart against a fair and full admission of their country's share of war-guilt, because of the unfairness by which the false confession was extorted. The second has been a cloud of self-righteousness in the conduct and bearing of the Allied governments which blinds their eyes to the baseness and the folly of their wrecking punitive policy toward their enemies—a blindness which has brought the whole of Europe to the brink of ruin. What is needed to avert disaster is a whole-hearted cooperation of all nations and governments. This can only come about from a common recognition of guilt and error. What blocks the way to this spiritual union is the pride-begotten view of Germany's sole guilt for the origin and conduct of the war.

Every wrong and injurious provision of the treaty, the alienation of German lands and populations, the impossible reparations, the plunder of the private property of her nationals abroad, the interference with her waterways and her internal finance, the enforced depreciation of her currency, and the hundred ills from which she, and the rest of Europe with her, are now suffering, is rooted in the poisonous doctrine of Germany's sole war-guilt. Every healing remedy for Europe's ills is banned by the popular dislike of any measure that lets off "the criminal." This *chose jugée* has been the chief weapon by which France has imposed her base and ruinous policy of breaking the political unity of Germany, encircling her with armed and hostile states, and stifling her economic recovery in every possible way.

Now this *chose jugée* is an impudent bluff. When every government was able to shut out all enemy propaganda, and to manufacture and distribute its own brand of national war-truth, history could be written in false black and white. But since the war is over there has come a flood of new information and withheld truth on the origins and conduct of the war which sheds a new light upon causation and responsibility. There was even during the war in every country a small minority who were aware that this war could not be the only war in history where all the blame lay on one side. But evidence for a fair distribution of the guilt was necessarily lacking. Now, though much relevant matter is still hidden, enough has been disclosed to furnish grounds for many conclusions which are worlds away from those that were hastily formed during the heat of the war and to warrant an immediate demand for impartial inquiry and revision.

It is natural that the most powerful volume of demand

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should come from Germany itself and from liberal Germany. For liberals in Germany, as elsewhere, stand for reason and moral force in politics and dread most of all the rankling passions of resentment and vengeance, which this abuse of Allied power nourishes.

In a pamphlet equally distinguished for its courageous reasoning and its moderation, Prince Max of Baden presents the case for impartial inquiry into the triple charges of Germany's sole responsibility for the war, her sole infraction of international law and humanity in the conduct of the war, her sole and peculiar ill-faith and mendacity in propaganda. The writer begins with a scathing exposure of the recklessness and folly of the German Government in neglecting the several opportunities afforded them for putting themselves right with the civilized world. He first cites the wilful omission from the first German White Book of the important dispatch sent on July 30, 1914, by Bethmann-Hollweg to the Austrian Government, showing how Berlin was urging Austrian concessions for a pacific settlement. Still more culpable in Prince Max's view was the neglect of Sir Edward Grey's offer (October 23, 1916) to submit to an impartial inquiry the two issues of Russian mobilization on the eve of war and the alleged violation of neutrality by Belgium. The failure of the Kühlmann administration to enter any defense of Germany's good name against the charges of atrocities, or, later on, to press home upon Wilson as a Fifteenth Point the demand for judicial investigation of these and other charges, and last and worst the neglect by Dr. Simons of the dramatic opportunity afforded by the London Conference to challenge Mr. Lloyd George's insistence upon Germany's sole guilt as a *chose jugée*—these painful examples of diplomatic incompetence Prince Max holds in part responsible for the closed mind of the civilized world against the case for inquiry. A powerful, a crushing reply was possible for Dr. Simons. He might have said: "We will carry out the treaty because we have subscribed it, and treaty-breaking cannot be made good by treaty-making. We will go to the very limits of the possible and the German Government will compel fulfilment of the obligations we have undertaken so far as it has power to do so. Moreover, you are right in holding that the task of fulfilment would be easier if the whole German people recognized the righteousness of the Versailles judgment. But not a hundred signings would bring about this recognition. Nor can any of your speeches avail. For you are the men who broke the treaty of the Fourteen Points. It is you who during the armistice continued for four months the war against women and children, although you had nothing in a military sense to fear from us and you had the opportunity to save hundreds of thousands of innocent persons. You speak of reasons of state, but not of right and wrong. If you want to convince the German people that your judgment is right it must be given from the mouths of other judges. Only such an impartial inquiry into war-guilt as Count Rantzau demanded at Versailles is able to bring such an agreement as you desire."

How can such an impartial inquiry be attained? No action on the part of the German Government would have the least chance of effect. Prince Max appeals to all reasonably minded sections of the German people to organize and educate, first, their own public opinion, then that of the outside world, in the justice and political expediency of their demand. Here, as in other matters, there exist extremists of opposite views, reactionaries hardened by defeat and clinging desperately to their gospel of military force, embittered patriots who disclaim any portion of war-guilt for Germany, a socialist and pacifist extreme left which has almost accepted as just the Allied charges of sole guilt. But there are many groups which found themselves upon a saner and more serviceable belief. It is to these that Prince Max looks for leading in the moral offensive which he is urging. Among these perhaps the most influential in intellectual and moral authority is the Heidelberg group of whose views Prince Max is himself a leading exponent. The program of this group contains a frank admission of Germany's share in the common guilt of the nations in bringing about the European war. But it protests against the claim of the victors to be judges of the measure of this guilt and its distribution, and it demands that the defense of Germany's good name, so long neglected by those whose duty it was to undertake it, shall be built upon a solid foundation of investigation, in order that the public opinion of the world may be led to demand a revision of the peace treaty.

With characteristic German thoroughness Prince Max proposes an "institution" which shall gather from all available sources the special contributions of fact which are to be the weapons of this moral offensive. Not only politicians, but business men, the learned professions, especially law and medicine, must be drawn upon for skilled information and advice in the formulation of the case. Indeed, the whole intellectual resources of the nation, temporarily mobilized for war passions and propaganda, must be utilized for the higher task of pacific understanding.

Prince Max naturally stresses the moral and political value of such an inquiry from the standpoint of his own country. But the sufferings of Germany from the moral poison of this doctrine of sole guilt are hardly greater than those inflicted on the Allies and the political and economic systems of Europe into every recess of which the poison of this supreme lie has penetrated. The fear and hate-driven policy of France, the bewilderment and vacillation of Britain, the mad militarism of Poland, the insane Balkanization of Eastern Europe, the tragical boycott of Russia—the poison runs all through and attains fresh virulence as it combines with other motives on the Pacific. It may be safely asserted that not one of the remedial measures which the recovering sanity of Europe desiderates, reduction of armaments, cancelment of foreign debts, stabilization of exchanges, balancing of national budgets, recovery of credit, restoration of trade and of employment, is possible so long as this supreme fiction of the single and absolute war-guilt of our enemy rules Germany out of the true comity of nations.

I am well aware of the nature of the objections adduced by many not unsympathetic persons against raising now an issue which, as they hold, will revive the slowly dying passions of the war. An open demand for an impartial scrutiny will only succeed in arousing furious charges and countercharges of atrocity and breach of faith, or else will be met by a stony insistence on the *chose jugée*. In either case, it is said, nothing will be gained and something—at any rate the tempers of the controversialists—lost. It is too early to expect a genuinely historical sense to function. Could you expect unbiased inquiry from even the most distinguished legalists and historians in any of the belligerent countries? Evidently not. Could you then get an accepted body of able expert judges from the neutral nations that would carry the necessary weight? These are serious objections. But are they fatal? Does not the palpable early need of truth, as much as can be got, outweigh them all? We see how the persistence of a falsehood works enduringly for evil. Its mischief endures and is at the present time threatening to bring to ruin our common civilization. However firmly fixed this judgment of Germany's sole war-guilt may be, those who recognize its falsity must lose no more time in challenging it. For unchallenged it will harden into an accepted dogma and the vitality of much of the presently available evidence will be lost in the lapse of years. It may be that some important facts are unattainable, that much evidence will continue to be of doubtful value, that complete confidence will be refused for any neutral court of investigation. It is certain that some crude jingoism will be reinflamed. But truth alone is healing, and even if absolute truth cannot always be got, the nearest approach to it, a careful inquiry by the most disinterested minds, must serve to dissipate the falsehood of this *idée fixe* in the collective mind of the Allied nations which still lures them into new follies and new perils.

J. A. Hobson

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The Cabells and Their Kin

The Line of Love. Dizain des Mariages. With an Introduction by H. L. Mencken.—*Chivalry.* Dizain des Reines. With an Introduction by Burton Rascoe.—*The Jewel Merchant.* By James Branch Cabell. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2 each.

Joseph Hergesheimer. An Essay in Interpretation. By James Branch Cabell. Chicago: The Bookfellows.

Autumn. By Robert Nathan. Robert M. McBride and Company. $1.75.

THE judging of "Jurgen," when James Branch Cabell was somewhat recently forty and somewhat too long neglected, stirred up a pretty tempest out of which, as it subsides, he now emerges with the evidences about him that he was all along a canny strategist who knew how to catch the forelock of opportunity if it came his way. Whatever finally happens to "Jurgen," Mr. Cabell's position is consolidated: he has gathered up his older books and brought all but one or two into the delectable fold of a uniform edition; he has assembled a tidy corpus of Scholia which present his explanations of his naughtiness in "Taboo," his dramatization of one of his loveliest tales in "The Jewel Merchant," his interpretation of one of his dearest rivals in "Joseph Hergesheimer," and his genealogization—if one may invent the monstrous substantive—in that authoritative treatise "The Lineage of Lichfield" now appearing serially in the *Reviewer* at Richmond. Around Mr. Cabell has sprung up a legend, a cult, a cloud of commentators, parodists, and followers. So much has persecution done. The blood of Jurgen is the seed of many agreeable mirth-makers.

The revised versions of "Chivalry" and "The Line of Love" bear witness with textual minuteness to the changes that have come about in Mr. Cabell since the romantic days when he first wrote them and when a lamentable number of their readers must have studied them as so much prose accompanying certain rococo illustrations which then adorned the lustrous volumes. His revisions attach these early pieces to the later universes of Lichfield and Poictesme by a few scholiastic subterfuges, such, for instance, as ascribing the poems in the books to the hand of Robert Etheridge Townsend, and by the addition of the extra tales in the new "Line of Love" which make its marriages ten instead of eight as formerly and connect it at one end with Poictesme and at the other end with Lichfield. But while attaching "Chivalry" and "The Line of Love" to the Cabell that now is, the author has had to detach them from the Cabell that once was; and this he has done by working through them with the most scrupulous hand and weeding out the too-common flowers of speech which took root there in less scrupulous days. The contractions of the old Cabell have suffered: the *'t weres* and *were 't nots* and *ne'ers*. The *wots* have gone the way of similar antiquities and become plain *knows*. Once he could write: "The girl clapped her hands gleefully, what time the nightingale sang"; now he writes: "The girl clapped her hands gleefully. The nightingale sang." And he has gone deeper than emendations of this merely verbal sort: he has constantly watched the progress of his narrative in order to puncture moments which might happen to have been inflated with the sort of sentiment that cannot last. King Edward, in The Housewife, when he heard a dozen years ago that Queen Philippa had done heroic things for his sake, then had this written concerning him: "Now at last he understood the heart of Philippa. 'Let me live,' the King prayed; 'O Eternal Father, let me live a little while that I may make atonement!'" In 1921 that elevated passage has turned to this: "'She waddles now,' he thought forlornly. 'Still I am blessed.'" The tender year 1905 saw Mélite, in Adhelmar at Puysange, attend her dying lover with considerably more correct emotions than she today manages to have. At the moment of the final kiss a shattering sentence is tucked in: "Mélite was conscious of her nobility in causing him such delight at the last." And when he has died: "She was now conscious of no emotion whatever. It seemed to her that she ought to be more greatly moved."

Fewer and slighter changes are necessary, however, than might have been expected; even the earliest Cabell was rarely off his guard in that fine art of checking romantic fervor with intelligence and irony which is his happiest endowment. It only proves how delicate was the mechanism if a bare touch here or there could make so much difference in his product. The change from the Cabell of Balthazar's Daughter (in "A Certain Hour") to the Cabell of the one-act play "The Jewel Merchant" is less satisfying. The original tale was as dramatic as it was lovely; the play, more dramatic only in the sense that it is possibly more theatrical, is less lovely than its source. It has touches of stiffness in the dialogue, even of flatness at times. What Mr. Cabell had, it appears, to sacrifice in making his story over to fit the stage was many of his exquisite cadences and much of his silken comment upon the behavior of his characters. For Mr. Cabell to have to sacrifice these qualities is a loss to the world however much the Little Theater League of Richmond may have been benefited by a play which went well last February after various dramaturgic collaborators had "helped" the author with his lines and business.

It is decisively the later Cabell who describes and analyzes Joseph Hergesheimer in the dainty brochure just issued by the Bookfellows. The phrases purr: "Those seemingly unfruitful fourteen years are today at one with those other fourteen years which brought an elder Joseph into Egyptian publicity." Now and then admonitory claws peep out: "But Mr. Hergesheimer always writes really well, once you have licensed his queer (and quite inexcusable) habit of so constantly interjecting proper nouns to explain to whom his, Hergesheimer's, pronoun refers." And at least once the claw leaves a red scratch when it goes back into its customary soft sheath: "The fact has been formally recognized, by our most 'solid' cultural element, that in artistic achievement Joseph Hergesheimer has but fifty living superiors and only a hundred and ninety-nine equals at this moment in the United States: and I, who have not been tendered any such accolade, cannot but be aware of human twinges when Mr. Hergesheimer as a matter of course accepts this distinction." In the main, however, this diagnosis of Mr. Cabell's dearest rival is as generous as it is favorable; the critic is jealous only at the thought that Mr. Hergesheimer may be philandering, as in "The Happy End," with that dangerous baggage Popularity and thus endangering his true vocation—which is "to write perfectly of beautiful happenings." Mr. Cabell finds in Mr. Hergesheimer's long years of unrecognition the roots of his most common formula: "men . . . hag-ridden by one or another sole desire which spurs them toward a definite goal at every minute of their mimic lives." Around this central fact the analyst arranges the Hergesheimerian microcosm, likening it to that of Christopher Marlowe who for Mr. Cabell is the epitome of poets. If Mr. Cabell has any higher praise to give than this analogy, his published critical utterances do not identify it. He finds, however, cause for other praises in Mr. Hergesheimer's profound and tender sense of beauty, his radiant accuracy of perception, his precious, intangible magic.

It must have been no less decisively the later Cabell who, if he did not actually awaken Robert Nathan, at least did serve to make susceptible to the charms of Mr. Nathan's "Autumn" a public certainly unprepared by recent naturalism for the enjoyment of any such dainty fare. "Autumn" is all but a perfect native pastoral. Grounded well enough in a local color which suggests New England, and dated with sufficient references to the war now approximately terminated, the tale nevertheless widens out to the pure regions of the pastoral everywhere. It is almost as suggestive of the soil as an old farmer's almanac, though the fingers of literature have touched it with names like Mrs. Grumble and Anna Barly and Noel Ploughman. The fable, it must be said, is dim; it runs a course of limpid monotone and at the last fades away as if

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somebody's memory were weakening. But the language is cool and fresh, like dew. The story, though drenched in reverie, is upheld with a shrewd intelligence and an affectionate irony, as if its teller had planted his feet in the brown, warm, hardy, permanent earth but had kept his head acquainted with the brightest clouds and the freest winds that move. There are verses scattered through it which sound as homely and ancient as nursery rhymes or village proverbs. No one can say that "Autumn" was written in "imitation" of Mr. Cabell; its tone is too distinctly individual for that. But it does suggest, coming on the heels of Donn Byrne's "Messer Marco Polo," which Mr. Cabell has also praised, that the naturalism which now prevails in our most civilized fiction is beginning to have a rival; that gay and heady beauty may find its way back among books again. Will Poictesme and Lichfield not be in part to blame if such changes come? CARL VAN DOREN

Yone Noguchi

Seen and Unseen. $2.50.—*Japan and America.* $1.75.—*Hiroshige.* $7.50. New York: Orientalia.

Selected Poems. By Yone Noguchi. The Four Seas Company. $3.

THAT Yone Noguchi's contribution has been significant admits, I think, of no doubt. It seems rather strange, indeed, that in these past years, when the question of vers libre has engaged the attention of so many commentators, so little heed has been given to this Japanese poet who in the nineties so completely anticipated the imagist manner. It is beside the mark to invoke academic methods for the purpose of proving that free verse is as old as English literature. The phenomenon as we recognize it today had its actual emergence in France some thirty-five years ago, and M. Dujardins has set at rest the question as to who originated the genre by proving quite satisfactorily that it was really the crystallization of a tendency manifesting itself in the work of several poets at the same time. If we are to concern ourselves with the appearance of the genre in our own language—the strictly modern forms of free verse—we must look to the fruitful nineties for the entering mode. In England there were Hueffer (who claims priority), Sharp, Henley, and Symons; in America, Stephen Crane and Yone Noguchi.

It is in his character as a precursor that Noguchi is phenomenal and interesting. His first poems, five in number, were printed in the *Lark* (a magazine published in San Francisco and edited by Gelett Burgess) in July, 1896. His first book, "Seen and Unseen, or the Monologues of a Homeless Snail," was published at San Francisco in the following year by Mr. Burgess and the present writer. The enterprise, it may be said in passing, was a frenetic, unprofitable, but highly enjoyable adventure. Noguchi's subsequent semi-celebrity may warrant me in here placing on record some information regarding the literary debut of this ante-imagist.

The young Japanese exile had been for some time a protege of Joaquin Miller, with whom he lived not far from San Francisco. One day, with no other introduction than a sheaf of manuscript poems, he presented himself at the office of the *Lark*. I happened to come in while he was there, and found Mr. Burgess in something of an excited quandary. He had been reading Noguchi's poems and had discovered or, rather, had sensed, under their strangeness, something challenging, alluring, baffling. He wanted to know what I thought of them. We agreed, I remember, that there was "something there," and after Noguchi's departure we examined the poems with care and with an increasing enthusiasm. A compelling vividness and beauty emerged from them with each rereading. When we discovered that with certain slight emendations in the interest of correcter diction (the comparative must be allowed here, because we realized at once that absolute precision of phrase would be fatal to the illusive charm of Noguchi's idiom), the poems yielded an exquisite freshness, Mr. Burgess decided to print a few such paraphrases in the *Lark*. The task of gentle *paraphrasis* fell in part to me, and here is one of the results—The Brave Upright Rains—which, it has always seemed to me, represents Noguchi as favorably as anything he has ever done:

> The brave upright rains come right down like errands from iron-bodied yore-time, never looking back; out of the ever tranquil, ocean-breasted, far high heaven—yet as high but as the gum-tree at my cabin window.
>
> Without hesitation, they kill themselves in an instant on the earth, lifting their single-noted chants—Oh tragedy! Chants? Nay, the clapping sound of earth-lips.
>
> O heavenly manna, chilly, delicate as goddess' tears for the intoxicated mouth of the soil, this gossamer-veiled day!
>
> The Universe grows sober, gaunt, hungry, frozen-hearted, spiteful-souled; alone, friendless, it groans out in the flute of the stony-throated frog.
>
> Resignedly, the floating mountain of tired cloud creeps into the willow leaves—washed hair of palace-maiden of old.
>
> Lo, the willow leaves mirrored in the dust-freed waters of the pond!

I remember that in the penultimate verse the original read, "the washed hair willow leaves of palace-maiden of ancient," by which, as Noguchi explained, he meant to liken the drooping willow leaves to the hair, just washed, of some beautiful, high-caste girl of ancient days. Such eccentric phrases were not, however, typical of his manner, which was, for the most part, only slightly touched by incoherence. As Mr. Burgess says in his sympathetic introduction to "Seen and Unseen": "If our hints and explanations of idiom and diction have aided him, and if our hands, laid reverently upon his writings, have in some places cleared a few ambiguous constructions, how generously has he repaid the debt! We gave him but the crude metal of the language, and he has returned it to us minted into golden coin. He has honored our native tongue by his writings; he has lifted the veil of convention and has discovered fresh beauties and unsuspected charms in our speech."

This poem and many others seem to be in their pattern much more an anticipation of Paul Fort than a reflection of Whitman, from whom Noguchi, because of his avowed admiration, is frequently said to derive. It should not be difficult, however sophisticated, however steeped in imagism one may be, to imagine how arresting these strange and naive poems were when they first appeared twenty-five years ago.

Yone Noguchi has produced in all six volumes of verse, from all of which copious extracts are given in "Selected Poems." I have dwelt upon "Seen and Unseen" because of its historical interest and because Noguchi lacks in his later expressions the integrity of inspiration, the sustained vividness of his earlier pieces. It was, however, through some of his later poems that he gained recognition from Thomas Hardy, George Meredith, Alice Meynell, William Sharp, and was made the subject of an appreciative essay by Arthur Ransome.

To understand Noguchi it is necessary to think of him as typifying the poet of hypersensitiveness, of fluctuant moods, delicate reactions, naif, wistful, aloof. As with Tagore, his attitude, and therefore his appeal, is consistently spiritual. True, the philosophic note sometimes enters impressively in his poems, but he never compasses power or incisiveness. The poems on the Yosemite show an intention of force, but the turgid diction still exhibits the sensitive spirit overawed by aspects of nature more imperious than hospitable.

As a writer of prose Noguchi is at once provocative and provoking. His style is involved, full of strange locutions, and complicated by a seeming prejudice against certain parts of speech, notably the definite and indefinite articles. The essays in "Japan and America" are studies in idealistic analysis and inference. They can hardly be said to plumb any depths or to offer anything illuminating or constructive. He ventures only

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timidly into the domain of economics, contenting himself with an examination of Japanese and American civilization in terms of literature and of certain external aspects of society. He conjures up the familiar picture of American literature moving like a caravan from the East to the West, and prophesies its ultimate arrival, bag and baggage, at the shores of the Pacific, where it will at last join hands with the literature of Japan. No one in Chicago, or even Kansas City, will deny that such a procession is on its way, but unfortunately for Noguchi's friendly hopes, the era of retroactive influence, as between American and Japanese literature, is rather of the past than of the future. As far as American poetry is concerned, the disease of Japanese influence became almost a contagion some years ago. It has since been followed by Chinese complications, and we are now in the position of waiting for the crisis to be reached and, haply, passed.

In The American Democracy Noguchi redreams the dream of Whitman and draws unhappy and dire conclusions from realist evolvements. In To the Americans he displays an engaging hardihood, telling us, among other things, that our civilization is "feminine." But let me offer the reader a taste of his medicine:

"It is true that your women, even with their brains much injured or weakened by magazine-reading and candy-eating, control the larger part of your educational field, perhaps driving the men away like Bret Harte's 'heathen Chinee' with their cheap labor. . . . I am not blind to the fact that it was, in a great measure, the very work of American women, generally speaking, that successfully checked the vulgarization of the country in the hands of men with only monetary aspiration, almost without time for reflection and culture. . . . It is interesting to study how this religion, the 'Woman-worship,' was first inaugurated in America, and how as a useful practice it was respected there. But today as a religion it has lost its original meaning of existence, sadly degenerating into nothing more than mere habit, perhaps like drinking or smoking, or even opium-smoking. . . . It is really sometimes a pretty habit, but you will soon become or have already become, dull, senseless, and numb from long contact with it. . . . I think that your fair daughters are far too civilized and, of course, too educated for your own men. Who patronize the art of your country? Your women. Who support your stages? Your women. And who control your literature? Your women. . . . Let me say again that your men are in the same sense hardly equal to your women spiritually. Your men, whose culture is sometimes doubtful, are not conversationalists, although they might become monologists or preachers, and that is the reason why they fail to become successful lovers in women's eyes. If they fail, as they do in fact, I think and say that it is the fault of their environment and education."

The Noguchi books, though published in America, were manufactured in Japan. Printed on doubled sheets of thin Japanese paper, bound with lacings of silk, and inclosed in folding cases fastened with ivory pins, they are pleasant both to the eye and the hand. Quite fittingly the volume on Hiroshige is more sumptuous than the others. It contains numerous colotype reproductions of great technical excellence, which appropriately illustrate and clarify Noguchi's essay upon the work of his famous countryman. There is little to recognize as criticism or appraisement in the somewhat rhapsodical text, but it is not difficult to understand why the art of Hiroshige should arouse an ecstasy in the poet Yone Noguchi. His enthusiasm, moreover, may serve a good purpose. With the ascendancy of Chinese art there has become prevalent a rather uncritical attitude of impatience or condescension toward the art of Japan. It is now fashionable to dismiss the latter as skilful but unimportant. Now, Japanese art at its best does not, of course, approach the profound loveliness, the noble solemnity, the purity, the absoluteness of Chinese painting, but it is well that our attention should again be drawn by Noguchi to a dexterous but, none the less, original and great artist.

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It is not, however, as art critic or as essayist that Yone Noguchi enlists our interest, but rather as a poet and precursor of poets. In the light of his earliest efforts, and aside from any question of their actual merit, about which opinions must, of course, differ, it does not seem too much to claim that for independence of prescription, for sheer originality, these underivative utterances have rarely been matched in literature.

I may perhaps be forgiven a final word of reminiscence. It was in 1896 that Yone Noguchi suggested to me a collaboration in translating into English the work of a Chinese poet whom he referred to (without, I am sure, any intentional slight) as "the Chinese Omar." How interesting, not to say gratifying, it would be, had I not allowed the opportunity to slip through my fingers, to have anticipated by twenty-five years, however feebly, the service of Mr. Waley, Mr. Bynner, and Miss Lowell in presenting to English readers the poetry of Li-T'ai-Po!

PORTER GARNETT

Edward Thomas

Collected Poems. By Edward Thomas. With a Foreword by Walter De La Mare. Thomas Seltzer. $2.50.

EDWARD THOMAS could write poetry like an honest man, in part, it is possible, because he never seriously tried writing it until he was mature. It is pretty well known how Robert Frost, going over to England in 1912, found the overworked critic and hack in the middle of his fourth decade and drew such poetry out of him as he had time to yield before the war took his life in 1917. In part also, however, he wrote as he did because he knew Robert Frost, and because the task of poetry seemed to him what it had seemed to Ford Madox Hueffer twenty years earlier: "simply an affair of getting down to one's least rhetorical form of mind, and expressing that."

As much as Mr. Frost he preferred difficult, subtle themes, and with all the obstinacy of his American friend he labored to treat those themes plainly, compactly, accurately. He seems to have been intent upon making each sentence as it came—not merely each line, or each phrase, or each epithet—credible and clear. Mr. De La Mare records of his conversation that his voice was "low and monotonous," his language "fastidious yet unaffected." His poetry is those four things. He seldom has the force of Mr. Frost—that husky, hidden force which displays itself suddenly from unexpected corners, from between the printed lines. His rural dialogues do not advance so swiftly, or through such significant veils of the imagination. When he absorbs us trance-like in a scene he leaves less of us there than Mr. Frost knows how to leave; his spell is not so continuous. But he is scrupulous; he understates; his cadences are carefully broken, as most good modern cadences must be; he is patient and, as often as possible, perfect.

He loves the country in his own way, which is somewhat prettier than Mr. Frost's. Beauty for him curls wistfully like autumn smoke from cottage roof and neglected glen. He realizes the loveliness of England with the poignancy of younger poets overshadowed by the war, yet with more than that—with the devotion of a man gifted late with song who sets almost pathetically about recalling the things that have delighted him. Remembering and forgetting are fundamental in his process; reverie, unhackneyed and unromantic, is his happiest technique; distance and detachment, and always tranquillity, are his life. Poetry for him has reduced the world to an exquisite calm and placed him in the center of it; he feels the world and he feels himself, though both lie far aloof. His observation of bird and hill and tree has been praised by Englishmen for its fidelity, and Americans will believe it faithful; but what is more important, readers everywhere will find it interesting. Thomas wrote for the mind's eye as well as for the body's. He had the sympathy and the grasp which make for form; his poems, particularly when returned to, take delicate shape in the consciousness because they have been rounded off with unpretentious, appropriate thought.

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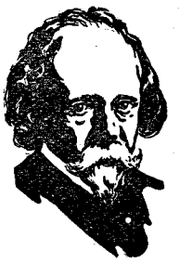

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There they stand, on their ends, the fifty fagots
That once were underwood of hazel and ash
In Jenny Pinks's Copse. Now, by the hedge
Close packed, they make a thicket fancy alone
Can creep through with the mouse and wren. Next Spring
A blackbird or a robin will nest there,
Accustomed to them, thinking they will remain
Whatever is forever to a bird:
This Spring it is too late; the swift has come.
'Twas a hot day for carrying them up:
Better they will never warm me, though they must
Light several Winters' fires. Before they are done
The war will have ended, many other things
Have ended, maybe, that I can no more
Foresee or more control than robin and wren.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Ways of Revolution

Revolution from 1789 to 1906. Documents. By R. W. Postgate. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.50.

World Revolution: The Plot Against Civilization. By Nesta H. Webster. Small, Maynard and Company. $3.50.

THESE two books have one characteristic—and only one—in common. Both treat the numerous rebellions and revolutions in nineteenth-century Europe as phases of a single, progressive "European Revolution" which, beginning with the great French upheaval of 1789, continued its upward (or downward) course to the heights (or depths) of bolshevik Russia.

Mr. Postgate's book is serious and valuable. It consists for the most part of contemporary documents, selected with discrimination and edited in scholarly fashion. The documents do not tell a well-rounded story of the several revolutions; rather, they are chosen to illustrate chiefly the social problems confronting the revolutionaries and especially to point out what acts of theirs became the seeds of future revolution. For example, in the treatment of the French Revolution documentary emphasis is placed on land-reform and on the career of Babeuf. Many of the documents presented in Mr. Postgate's volume have hitherto been inaccessible to English readers; they constitute useful supplements to our knowledge of the modern course of revolution.

Hardly less interesting than the documents, though much less important, are the author's interpretative introductions to the several chapters. Herein lies his philosophy of revolution. In general, he assumes a fairly rigorous "economic determinism"; he regards the European Revolution prior to 1848 as essentially bourgeois, and after 1848 as mainly proletarian; the by-products of the middle-class struggle with the old privileged class of landed nobility become, after 1848, the inspiration and motif of the working class in its struggle with the bourgeoisie. In other words, Mr. Postgate's interpretation is Marxian.

Marxism is altogether too narrow an explanation of European Revolution from 1789 to 1906. It blinds the author to the significance of the revolutionary movement in Spain and Italy in the first quarter of the nineteenth century (to this he makes no reference); it permits him to omit the Belgian and Polish revolutions of 1830 and the 1848 Declaration of the Rights of the German People; it causes him to describe the Communist Manifesto as "a perfect instrument" and to exaggerate its influence in turning socialism "forever from the paths of secret conspiracy into those of open propaganda," and at the same time to minimize, or even to ignore entirely, the contributions of moderates (*e.g.*, groups of patriots and groups of Christians) to the doctrine and practice of revolution.

If one were preparing a thorough study of modern revolutions, one would certainly go back of 1789—probably to the Protestant Revolution of the sixteenth century. Conditions

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created by the rise of Protestantism led to the Dutch Revolution of the sixteenth century and to the English revolutions of the seventeenth century; the political philosophy produced by these revolutions pointed the path of the American Revolution of 1776 and the French Revolution of 1789; whence arose not only a grave economic problem in the dislocation of traditional social classes but also a significant psychological question in the breakdown of religious orthodoxy and the rise of rampant nationalism. European Revolution from 1789 to 1917 has been the product of economic conditions and psychological factors. To tell its story at all adequately by documents would require two or three fat volumes. Mr. Postgate's single volume should prove indispensable for one important aspect of such an undertaking.

Mrs. Webster's book is different. Scholars can safely dispense with it. Poor Mrs. Webster is a victim of the late war; she suffers from shell-shock, not the comparatively mild variety contracted in the trenches, but the very terrible kind communicated to nervous and credulous civilians by secret intelligence services, by committees on public information, by London *Posts*, by Senator Lusks and Archibald Stevensons. The result is dire.

Why shouldn't it be? Mrs. Webster looks about her and behold! a whole series of strange and uncouth monsters—Pan-Germanism, Bolshevism, Marxian Socialism, Syndicalism, Anarchism, Guild Socialism, Trade-Unionism, Feminism, Pacifism, Internationalism, Freemasonry, Semitism, Hindu Nationalism, and Sinn Fein! It is Wonderland to Mrs. Webster, and like Alice she proceeds to talk about the monsters. They are all so "utter" that no natural causes can explain them. Nor can their simultaneous appearances be accounted for in various ways. It is no mere coincidence that Bolsheviks flourish in Russia, Sinn Feiners in Ireland, and Jews and Pan-Germans side by side in Germany. It must be a "conspiracy."

So Mrs. Webster goes to history in search of "conspiracy"; and it must be admitted that she, like every other person who diligently looks for some particular thing in history, finds what she seeks. She troubles herself not at all with scholarly treatises or authentic documents or reputable narratives of political and social events; these are not the stuff from which "conspiracy" is fashioned. But she does utilize an abundance of material, such as it is—memoirs of terrified court gentlemen and ladies during the French Revolution, exposés of freemasonry by suspicious ex-masons, frenzied pamphlets by professional Jew-baiters like the notorious Edouard Drumont, forged documents like the so-called "Protocols of the Elders of Zion," and miscellaneous "reflections" such as those of Edmund Burke.

From these sources Mrs. Webster "proves" her point. All the monsters that threaten "England and Christian civilization," and incidentally the authoress's peace of mind, have been born of the spirit of revolutionary "conspiracy"; and the sire of the whole monstrous brood is none other than Adam Weishaupt. This old Adam founded the secret society of the Illuminati in Germany on May 1, 1776. It was a fateful day, for it marked the reincarnation, so to speak, of original sin. Since then the conspiracy of the Illuminati has been hurrying the world to the demnition bowwows. It inspired the French Revolution, the revolutions of 1848, and the Russian Revolution. It has used as its tools Mirabeau, Babeuf, Comte, Robert Owen, Marx, Bakunin, Lenin, Eamonn de Valera, G. D. H. Cole, H. G. Wells, and the New York *World!* It relies today on three pieces of heavy artillery—Pan-Germanism, Socialism, and the international Jewry.

Mrs. Webster's book should be read by the sophisticated, not for its insight or scholarship, but for its delicious humor, a humor rendered doubly delicious by the deadly seriousness of the authoress. It is unmannerly, perhaps, to laugh at a shell-shocked lady, but our ancestors laughed at madmen, and this book *is* screamingly funny.

Is Mrs. Webster mad? If so, we imagine we can detect traces here and there of method in her madness. In any event, the perusal of her book is bound to bring grim delight to simple-minded ultra-conservatives. They now have a comprehensive statement of their fears and suspicions, and an explanation which can be satisfying only to themselves.

CARLTON J. H. HAYES

Workers' Education

Workers' Education in the United States. Report of the Proceedings of the First National Conference on Workers' Education in the United States. New York: Workers' Education Bureau. 50 cents.

Workers' Education. By Arthur Gleason. New York: Bureau of Industrial Research. 50 cents.

Adult Working-Class Education in Great Britain and the United States. By Charles Patrick Sweeney. Washington: Government Printing Office.

FOUR years ago there were, in the entire United States, only four workers' educational groups. These were confined to two cities—New York and Chicago. Today there are twenty-six workers' colleges and schools located in twenty-two cities. Four years ago the four existing institutions had a total enrolment of a few hundred. Today the enrolment of the twenty-six is ten thousand.

Workers' education, it thus appears, has definitely arrived. There can be no question about that. Already there is a "clearing-house for information"—a sort of central body—for all ventures and venturers in workers' education, The Workers' Education Bureau of America. Samuel Gompers has set his hand and the seal of American Federation of Labor approval to the movement for workers' education. Wm. F. Kehoe, of the New York Central Trades and Labor Council, is active in the cause and officials of other central councils have approved. A permanent institution has been born. Just what kind of institution it will grow to be is still problematical. The features are well marked but still plastic. The child is too young for any definite pronouncements. Certain it is, however, that workers' education bears little family resemblance to other kinds of education we have among us.

In the first place, the students are mostly adults and these adults are workers. Workers' education is essentially adult education. Anyone who has, as a teacher in an Eastern college, tried to compete with football and the dance orchestra for the attention of the American youth, knows what this means. More than one such unforunate has, at least inwardly, desired just one more college requirement: at least five years at hard labor in a locomotive shop or a coal mine. In these workers' colleges this requirement has been met—and in the best way—without compulsion of any college authority. The student in a garment workers' college has passed the examination of hard experience; and, if the psychologist is right, it is in the winds of hard experience that real thought is fanned into life. Those who have taught in both kinds of colleges know that one ounce of professorial energy produces ten times more cerebration per student at the Rand School than at Princeton.

Another difference. Workers' colleges tend to be self-supporting and self-governing. Our regular colleges are far from being either. They are financed and ruled by an alien race—alien as far as the race of students is concerned. Who dares say that a college boy of 18 bears even a dim resemblance to the college trustee of 50 or 60? The students at Yale or Harvard are—to use the language of politics—a subject people under the yoke of a foreign autocracy. A college is at least as much of a community as a town or a city. But who, in this land of democratic institutions, ever heard of a city governed by a handful of self-appointed and alien monarchs subject to no popular control, who live elsewhere and visit the city only for occasional meetings of their own, who know nothing of the technical problems involved in the governing, whose only claim to

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sovereignty is a free hand with charity or a free hand with those who dispense it? The picture may be touched up for effect; but does it not represent in broad outlines the government of the American college?

Workers' colleges are different. In most cases the workers themselves are students, trustees, and benefactors in one. At least they are trustees and benefactors by proxy, the proxy of their own union organization. The real labor college is financed from union funds and from the tuition fees of student members. It is governed by the representatives of both the organization and the student. There is nothing alien or monarchic about this. It is 100 per cent American.

There is something quite different, too, about the relation of teacher and taught in these workers' colleges. There is something of Abelard on the hillsides of Paris in the early 1100's. There is something of the spirit of "me and Mark Hopkins and a log" of the early 1800's in this workers' education. C. J. Hendley, the peripatetic professor in Pennsylvania who tours from town to town teaching labor groups—a class each night in a different town—has an atmosphere about him that smacks of the "revival of learning." It is a revival of learning. It is distinctly not a revival of teaching. There is no teacher and there are no taught, conventionally speaking, in workers' education. The relationship is one of give and take for both parties. The teacher feels as much taught as the student. There is a humility and a comradeship about the labor college work on both sides of the academic fence. The fence is a purely technical fence. How far this happy condition is due to the absence of buildings, blackboards, and bulletins, of marks, examinations, and degrees; how far it is merely the untrimmed fresh growth of a new experiment; how far it will give way later to the blight of institutionalism, is difficult to say. At all events it does exist.

There is another difference—but this is rather a distinction than a difference. Workers' education is class-conscious. Of course, there could be no more class-conscious institution than Princeton or Yale or Harvard. But the distinction lies in the fact that the class-consciousness of Harvard is not as frank as that of the Boston Trade Union College, for example. The latter institution of learning lists as members of its governing board Dennis D. Driscoll of the Horseshoers' Union and Netty Silverbrook of the Waistmakers. But the Harvard catalogue does not mention in its list of Overseers that George Wigglesworth is the president of a large cotton mill or that Francis Lee Higginson is a member of the firm of Lee, Higginson & Co. That seems to be essence of it. The courses listed in the Harvard catalogue are designed to be useful to future partners in Lee, Higginson and future presidents of cotton mills. Or rather it should be put the other way: few of the courses are dangerous to futures such as these. By the same token the courses listed in the Boston Trade Union College are designed to be useful to members of the waistmakers' union. Each institution is class-conscious. Only the workers' college admits it.

It is unfortunate that there is not more literature available on workers' education in the United States—unfortunate, particularly for educators, for their need of education seems to be the greatest. Of the three studies available the one which is least a study is the most enlightening. Its subtitle describes it: "A Report of the Proceedings of the First National Conference on Workers' Education in the United States." The Workers' Education Bureau of America was born of this conference and the pamphlet is the first of a series of publications which the Bureau plans to issue under the direction of Spencer Miller, Jr., its executive secretary.

This pamphlet is good reading. First comes Mr. Gompers with his blessing given in a short introduction. Then the men and women who have made workers' education a reality give their views: veterans like Fannia Cohn of the International Ladies Garment Workers, Algernon Lee and Bertha Mailly of the Rand School, and newer figures such as Abraham Epstein who put workers' education all over the map of Pennsylvania,

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J. M. Budish of the United Labor Education Committee, and Paul Blanshard of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. Then the students are given their say—eleven of them tell what they think about it all, and tell it very well. And last but not least, the teachers: H. W. L. Dana of the Boston Trade Union College (formerly of Columbia University), Alexander Fichandler of the International, and J. B. Salutsky of the Amalgamated.

There is something of the religious spirit in this workers' education and this is the day of its prophets and martyrs. "Teaching such classes is harder work, I believe," says Algernon Lee, "work that calls for more active intelligence and intense effort than any other teaching from primary school to university. But the man or woman who is capable of doing it well can get unlimited satisfaction out of it." There is, too, a new world which the prophets proclaim. Fannia Cohn describes it: "It has always been our conviction that the labor movement stands consciously or unconsciously for the reconstruction of society. It strives toward a new life. It dreams of a new world where economic and social justice will prevail, where the welfare of mankind will be the aim of all activity, where a sturdy love and fellowship capable of enduring daily wear and tear will replace competitive greed, distrust, and selfishness. To attain this end it is necessary not only to accumulate knowledge, but to develop a social conscience, and a sense of responsibility to the labor movement. With this end in view, we set out to organize our educational work."

There will be plenty of chance for martyrs in this religion, as in any other that runs sap and grows. The powers that be are not yet aware of what workers' education portends for them and for the props of their strength. James S. Maurer, who, by the way, is chairman of the new Workers' Education Bureau, senses this. "The work of education is peaceful in purpose," he says, "but you look for trouble. . . . There will be legislation coming along that will attempt to make it ever so difficult for us to continue our study classes." Of course there will. The Lusk law and the fight of the Rand School are the beginning, not the end. The reason is a simple one, summed up in these words by Henry de Man: "When labor goes on strike, it says to its master: 'I will no longer work at your command.' When labor forms a political party of its own it says to its master: 'I will no longer vote at your command.' And when labor forms trade-union colleges and classes of its own, it says to its master: 'I will no longer think at your command.'" For the rulers and defenders of our modern society are more afraid of thought than of any other force in the world.

Arthur Gleason's pamphlet, "Workers' Education," sketches in short strokes the march of workers' education in America and England. The result is simple, direct, and full of vigor. Mr. Gleason knows and feels whereof he writes. Chance phrases show this. Speaking of the teacher he says: "the type is that of humbled-minded scholarship set in charming democratic personality." On another page: "This is the heart of workers' education—the class financed on trade-union money, the teacher a comrade, the method discussion, the subject the social sciences, the aim an understanding of life and the remolding of the scheme of things."

Mr. Sweeney's pamphlet is too typically a government document to be of any wide interest. It is Bulletin No. 271 of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics. Why is it that this very name should damn it once and for all? Is it inevitable that bulletins of this worthy Bureau should be utterly useless for popular consumption? It would seem to be so when so stirring a writer as Mr. Sweeney can become, under its influence, both tedious and dull. Mr. Sweeney's pamphlet is chock-full of important facts and figures—especially about the workers' education movement in England. But it will be read once where Mr. Gleason's pamphlet is read a thousand times. Perhaps when the Commissioner of Labor Statistics has been educated by teaching in a trade-union college, Bulletin No. 2071 issued in the year 1930 will reach the people who ought to hear about it.

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Marcel Proust

A la Recherche du temps perdu. Par Marcel Proust. Paris: La Nouvelle revue française. Tomes 1-6.

AFTER Balzac's fifty volumes cohering into a network of lives, and Romain Rolland's ten projecting to the full a single personality, the question what can come next in the novel is being answered by a work now in the sixth volume and the central figure as yet a mere youth. Of all that has been written of Marcel Proust thus far little has been said of what he is contributing to the novel in this growing landmark. Some critics dismiss it as a novel of manners; others appreciate it as a product of style. No one has pointed out that this "Recherche du temps perdu" is a reviving and even recreating of old matter and old method into new effects, is what every novel should be—a discovery of something new both in life and art.

This novel has no hero, no dominant character whose destiny is the reader's concern. Yet unless the reader of these volumes sees that the anonymous, negative, impersonal character of the child, boy, and youth who successively has the place of hero is a triumph of creative skill, all the more powerful because his unobtrusiveness is the very vantage point from which he observes, analyzes, projects, paints whole groups, he misses the first marvel of M. Proust's skill. This canny manipulator has no tangible story of his own, yet he coheres a world already so vast, intricate, yet subtly differentiated that Balzac's multiple world looks loose and fortuitous and "Jean Christophe" a very simple creation. "Du Côté de chez Swann" (Part I) begins as a reminiscence. The prologue, an exquisite bit of reverie, establishes the poetical mood of the hero, how he is to see his world. Memory has perhaps never been so demonstrated to be what Plato called it—the mother of the Muses. The pain, the sensitiveness, the inexplicable suffering of a child have never been distilled into more wistful poetry. Child psychology has something precious in these pages, just as it has in James Joyce's "Portrait of the Artist." M. Proust's method is of the two the more rational. He does not make the recalling mind the same as the perceiving mind. The adult mood colors the picture as it must if life deepens the meaning of childhood, and childhood as life is a mystery even to the child; its pathos is that he is inarticulate. The pastoral quality of the Combray scenes, the tenderness and humor of these recollections have the sincerity of the early idylls of George Eliot, who like M. Proust knew how to use a lyric memory. One misses this lyric instrument form in the second development of the Swann part, but Swann himself is thus given a dramatic value consonant with his importance in the novel as a whole.

"A l'Ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs" is adolescence as we have not had it before. Poetry deepens as memory penetrates unafraid into the sanctuary of emotion, passion, beauty of every kind. A temperamental, intellectual youth and his world live for us again, a world where the pale cast of thought admits little gaiety but touches instead to new issues a whole epoch where mood gives perspective to all the scenes. How everything expands and deepens because the mental reliving quickens consciousness to an almost wizard power! How terribly aware, how psychically alert, what reach of associative thinking in this great second part! Art, books, science, and the art of life itself color a big world for Gilberte, for Albertine, for Saint-Loup and Bloch as well as for their lover and friend who will not disclose his name. The plastic presentation of the groups on the beach; the Watteau handling of those in the woods; the attenuated analysis of such a simple impression as a cluster of trees upon the hero's mind, the frankness of sentiment and of emotional response—the finest since "Werther"—all enrich the first Paris and the Balbec scenes to the full. No matter how many volumes may be added later, the great second part will be singled as a masterpiece. It is Henry James's ideal of saturation, of squeezing the subject, of achieving the "done"

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thing. Reaction, reaction, and always reaction! The Goncourts prided themselves on the power to analyze as their contribution to the novel. M. Proust analyzes every analysis, and analyzes again and yet again.

A philosophy slowly emerges from this intricate pattern of lives, and strange to say it is analogous to the big impulse of the novel as Scott, Balzac, and Henry James conceived it—that the new is of less value than the old, that the future must be safe for the past. Oldness is from first to last a permanent note of M. Proust's novel. It is the memory-work of a man old in life; the child, the boy, and the youth are each old in his reaction to an old group—his grandparents and their relatives and their servants. The grandmother in a subtle way dominates the spiritual outlook of the hero, who learned of her that there was "a French past very old, noble, and misunderstood," a part of "a social complexity and worldly refinement which figured in the modern world like delicate sculptures in a factory." This worldly refinement is in full swing in the third part, "Le Côté de Guermantes," another name for Faubourg Saint-Germain. One sees in this stage of this slowly evolved novel that its structural scheme and spiritual outlook are mutually interpretative. The Swann side and the de Guermantes side in the Combray scenes are mere background, topography as it were. They now take on the force of symbol; they are two worlds linked by this nameless narrator, who is properly of neither world. True, his grandmother's affiliation with the Faubourg Saint-Germain is enough to allow him to become the living depositary of its tradition. This is the advantage M. Proust has over Balzac who improvised a Faubourg Saint-Germain, over Henry James who observed its English equivalent. This hero sees all and is part of much of this *vie mondaine*, and is a literary artist acceptable to it because of his talent.

He turns its worldly refinement into fine use in once more making woman a real *décor* in fiction. Flaubert has misled two generations of novelists into the vain idea that by subjecting their women to tooth and claw they are making fiction moral. M. Proust's demi-mondaine walks abroad an enchantress—her dress no external part of her but incorporate "like the plumage of a bird." Dress as plumage is an art in this book, part of a system of portraiture which adds to this novel the fascination of a gallery of masters—the grandmother affects one like a Whistler. Odette and Oriane have all the sumptuous array of the Venetian school with whatever graces the moderns have added. The men are equally objective; their hats, their gloves, their whole demeanor are caught with rare skill. If only worldly refinement were all of the Swann side or the de Guermantes side this pictural value of M. Proust would tempt one into an ensemble arrangement, each group an exhibition of some school of portraiture. This would be to emphasize too much what is after all but an accessory to the character portrayal which, as much as the poetry, as the intensive reaction, is another domain won for the novel.

In making the future safe for a "fine French past" M. Proust's genius for truth makes his writer, who is participating in the social complexity of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, play an equivocal part. On one page he writes of Mme. de Guermantes, who is his idol, his dream, as "his goddess turned woman who rained on him the brilliant and celestial shower of her smile." On another he reports her critical remarks on Dumas *fils:* "As her taste was the opposite of mine she supplied literature to my mind when she talked of Faubourg Saint-Germain and never appeared so stupidly Faubourg Saint-Germain as when she talked literature." Balzac would have made this lady a rival of Sainte-Beuve; Henry James would have had her talk suspirated gossip. M. Proust's hero is after all the predatory literary artist out for copy. And never did one subject his material to more thorough treatment. In subtle touches—the mere notation of gesture, detail of dress, trick of manner—these men and women are made to live, as well as by wealth of anecdote, incident, apt illustration, dialogue, situation, the whole literary machinery known to the art of the novel. Here are men

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and women whose refinement cannot atone for their shallow souls. Never was artist more impartial; the women cannot hide under their plumage, the men cannot escape their hidden sins. A novel of manners indeed! This is a caste, a social complex untouched before, a civilization of the kind the Swiss rustic Rousseau called back to nature; it is the kind of civilization Rousseau's disciple Chateaubriand exhibited to an American Indian as a sinister evidence of the safety of the wigwam. One understands now why Romain Rolland made Jean Christophe an Alsatian. The French are a courageous people. They are unafraid of their emotions and are artists; they are unafraid of their vices and are moralists; they are unafraid of ideas and are real intellectuals. M. Proust in all three is French of the French.

As for M. Proust's prose it is wholly of the substance of his material and his method. He may not be what his hero set out to be in his childhood, the greatest writer in the world, but he is one of them. Solidity and rhythm, a daring use of figure, pictorial power in homely detail as well as in the large free suggestiveness of temperament and mood neutralize a cumulative syntax piled to tantalizing obscurity. What lifts this novel out of the order of novels, even the very best, is the play of intellect about ideas, and this "travail de la pensée sur elle-même" preserves a moral tone in a novel difficult to classify morally. Its subtlety frees the work from its personal trammels and makes it the study of a soul, voyaging in a world petty but for his own thought. The author and the hero may be identified, but no biographic implication is needed to interpret these six volumes as the product of a mind with a phenomenal literary intelligence. This is a novel of novels—that is, all that is best in the novel, not in France only, has been assessed for the making of this one. Such play of intellect in the deep as well as the casual things of life has not been put into a novel since Goethe's serene wisdom was embodied in "Wilhelm Meister." Should M. Proust carry his drama to our own time—his hero is now in touch with the Dreyfus affair—our own time will be both impaled and glorified. All life is old; it will bear renewing many times.

ELLEN FITZGERALD

Victory Before Battle

The Brimming Cup. By Dorothy Canfield. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

THE times have lent to this book an interest and an importance it only partly earns. A craving for sensation and variety has seized upon a world which has lost most of its aspects of permanence. Simple lines of conduct have been washed out in a deluge of blood; and those persons who clung most closely to the sanctions and taboos of a more comfortable age now feel lost without them. Some such persons are helplessly floundering and have given up the effort to find their way; some are listening with pitiable trust to the ghoulish philosophies of the Reverend John Roach Stratons of our day; and some are eager to face life honestly and yet to find a rational way of return to simplicity and solidity and enduring values.

To satisfy such worried but conscientious souls, and perhaps to satisfy herself, Dorothy Canfield has written an earnest and serious vindication of marriage—and a fine novel is lost in the process. She has evidently tried to be honest. She has faced the flattening effect of long-accustomed intimacy and endless household cares upon the most glowing of youthful ecstacies. She has allowed the sensitive, impressionable Marise to feel intimations of a new passion under the hot eyes of Vincent Marsh, the disturbing intruder. She has laid the spare, gaunt outlines of life in the Vermont hills against a sumptuous background of wealth and art—all personified in the rasping presence of Marsh. She has pictured with appalling veracity the incoherent existence of a mother of three small children. And yet with all this brave effort at frankness, the cards are

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stacked. From the start it is clear that marriage and Vermont and the children will win over passion and ease and self-expression. The author, wrapped in invisibility, like the gods in ancient wars, fights on the side of virtue, and one has the feeling that the victory is won before the battle has begun. And, as after all such victories, one is left with no more knowledge than before the first ships are launched which side is the better. We may have our own predilections in favor of regularity or of the freer flights of personal fancy, but "The Brimming Cup" will not have the power to strengthen or to convert us. Does Marise stay with her children and her honest Neale because they represent the real, the solid things of life, or because the irrepressible Vincent is a thick-skinned bounder who antagonizes more than he attracts her? We suspect that the latter circumstance has at least as much potency as the former.

Dorothy Canfield makes marriage a real thing—a thing of substance and color—but she makes its alternative weak and pitiful. There is not a shred of value or importance in Marise's relations with Vincent Marsh. His almost pathological vitality stirs her blood; he rouses her from a bland acceptance of life—but he rouses her with a brazen clatter that is little more than noise. And the passion that he offers is no more substantial. She may feel his eyes like a touch on her back as she walks ahead of him, but her excitement is never more than skin-deep; it is never concerned with the more fundamental intimacies that draw and bind men and women together.

No, the battle is a sham. And this is particularly disappointing because so much in the story is real. The children are real, and their relations with their mother are described with deep knowledge and a capacity for truth. Marise's neighbors are real, and the veritable tang of the Vermont air is in every page. And Marise herself is real and clearly drawn, even though her career is here determined by the devices of the author rather than by the nature of Marise's character. One is forced to wish for the sake of the battle—and the book—that she had a valid choice before her. Suppose that after ten years of "successful" married life, with the establishment of a thousand ties and obligations, after ten years of intimacy with a husband who is intelligent, sympathetic, and honest—suppose that Marise met a man whose friendship meant a deeper thing than a mere jangling of nerves and a startled awareness. Suppose him to offer her a life that was rich and full, not merely decorative and trivial. Suppose Marise was forced to choose not between something true and something false, but between two intense realities. Suppose these things, and you will provide the basis for a different book, one in which a wealth of veracious detail and conscientious thought will not be wasted. If Dorothy Canfield would face the intensity of love and the lure of freedom as willingly as she faces the reality and depth of family life, she could make a memorable contribution to current thought.

FREDA KIRCHWEY

Robert Henri

Robert Henri. His Life and Works. With a Foreword by Thomas J. Craven. Boni and Liveright. $10. (The American Art Library.)

"MY People" is the term which Robert Henri has affectionately bestowed upon the subjects of his pictures. The phrase suggests the mental attitude which he has always maintained toward his work, for no amount of aesthetic research has vitiated his instinctive human sympathy. He has been moved, above all, by the mystery of character—that play of feature at a given moment which flashes out the intimate essential selfhood of the subject; and with a swift intuition he grasps the significance of a momentary revelation and records it with a dramatic technical legerdemain that is almost as astonishing as the intuition itself.

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These positive forces in Mr. Henri are vividly illustrated in the attractive monograph which appears as the first volume in The American Art Library edited by William Yarrow and Louis Bouché. The book contains forty unusually fine reproductions, an interesting photograph of Mr. Henri as frontispiece, a foreword by Thomas J. Craven, and an unsigned biographical-critical essay. The letterpress is rather disappointing, but that is more than compensated for by the painstaking care expended upon the pictorial portion of the work, which deserves really high praise.

The pictures shown here are an interesting account of the painter's predilections. One notices almost immediately his choice of subject. He has been governed apparently by his own curiosity about particular physiognomies, and not by the size of the sitter's wallet. One looks in vain for the conventional pretty-pretty "society portrait"—that easy compromise with mediocrity and financial success which has killed freshness and the spirit of experimentation in many a promising artist. Mr. Henri has been attracted particularly by the impish faces of children. Nearly one-half the portraits in this volume are of children—or rather, of "kids." They are the sons and daughters of working people mostly, whom he has lured somehow to his studio where, solemn, roguish, or sullen, they sit for their "pitcher." The diablerie of Dutch Joe is a joy to contemplate. What personages Mr. Henri makes of these youngsters! The energetic, elfish eyebrows of the Imaginative Boy, the superior tuck of his lip; the precocious and sophisticated Mary O'D; the troubled alertness of Tony; Spanish José, glowering, brooding, distrustful; and the aloof, arrogant Beatrice, ineffectually masking her scorn of grown-ups—what a gallery of "kids" is here unmasked! Has any painter ever created such a canny lot? The reviewer knows of none. The keen life of these children that burns out upon the canvas in such sudden evocation is shared too by the adult "people." The Guide to Croaghan and The Fish Market Man are startling studies in character.

Mr. Henri's character revelation is dramatic largely because of his skilful plastic use of his materials. The slashing, direct action of the pigment itself fills the spectator with assurance; he feels that the enthusiasm, the energy, the economy of the statement precludes doubtful intuition. But Mr. Henri's manipulation of the medium is always determined by the character of the subject, the nature of the surface. Sometimes the pigment seems to radiate a fierce mysterious energy of its own like that of Van Gogh; the surface sparkles with corrugated granulations. The Head of a Man illustrates the effectiveness of this kind of treatment. As from notched and splintered granite, the massive, weather-beaten face emerges. Then again, the paint flows suavely and sensuously over the contours of a woman's naked arms and shoulders. Technically, all this is just and cunning.

As one would expect of a painter whose paramount interest is in the divination of character, Mr. Henri does not much concern himself with design. In the fleeting accidents of gesture and expression he gropes for, and lays hold of, the essential in his sitter. This must be recorded swiftly in the glow and fervor of first discovery. There is no time for the kind of precision that makes for formal architecture in a picture. The writer of the introductory essay in this volume says of Mr. Henri that "he is continually searching for the abstract basis on which his picture is to be built." If the writer is thinking here of design, surely he must be mistaken. There is little searching for an abstract basis in that sense in the pictures we are accustomed to call typical Henri's. But why cavil because a painter does not possess all the elements of greatness? If man is but the dream of a shadow as Pindar avers, let the creative man dream in turn his own shadows to delight the rest of us who are unable to dream. To see Mr. Henri's shadowy children, thrice-removed, dancing down the gutter of time is to justify the great original shadow who dreamed Mr. Henri.

GLEN MULLIN

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The Maritime History of Massachusetts 1783-1860. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

WITHOUT the glamor of kings and queens, there are occasions when history is romance. Mr. Morison's volume is a record of commercial enterprise. It reads like a novel; it tells a human tale of heroism and adventure, of stirring times and tremendous efforts, in days when the foundations of a nation were abuilding. The rush of events, seen in their true bearing, gives his work that narrative quality which all history ought to possess. Without aiming at a popularization of historical material, he has produced a book which is to be read first of all for pleasure, and which thereby becomes a natural medium of instruction. It leads off, as any sensible book should do, with a description of the geography of the region under discussion, thus proving its mettle in the opening chapter; for not everyone can write entertainingly of geography. Adequate old charts of the Massachusetts coast-line are presented on the front and back end-papers. A rare and interesting selection of illustrations, covering ships, men, and old-time nautical scenes, has been made for the volume; and these illustrations are fully described in the list, as to history, artist, and present location and ownership. Intelligent footnotes give the dimensions of vessels mentioned in the text, and other pertinent material. The index is satisfactory; the bibliography is excellent. Nothing that the reader wants to know is lacking from the pages. He may sit down with this book for an evening of complete enjoyment, confident that he holds in his hands a seamanlike job.

Mr. Morison has given us the first purely historical treatment of the development of the American merchant marine. It is permissible to specialize as to locality on this theme; for in the early days of the Republic, Massachusetts, including as it then did the province of Maine, was the center of American maritime enterprise. The initial effort, the first voyages, the spirit of commercial adventure, the opening up and establishment of new routes of trade, all came from maritime New England; and maritime New England was Massachusetts. The author makes no claim to historical completeness, nor does he commit the offense of exaggerating the local record at the expense of the general enterprise; he recognizes that Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Maine after 1820 all have their share in the development of the American merchant marine and deserve their own historical treatment. He does claim, however, with fact and reason, that the history of the merchant marine in Massachusetts gives the key to the whole development, and that, as such, it constitutes an important factor in the early history of the nation. Throughout the period maritime commerce was, in turn, the key to the life of the community; it was revolt against the injustices of maritime restriction which more than any single cause brought about the American Revolution; and the success or failure of the new nation for several generations depended wholly on the welfare of its merchant marine and the condition of its overseas carrying trade.

Mr. Morison plainly places his emphasis on the economic rather than on the political phase of the story. He deals with politics when necessary, more as an effect derived from economic cause than as a motive force. Especially illuminating is his discussion of maritime Massachusetts's support of the Revolution, and the reasons for her ratification of the Federal Constitution: "American democracy was not born in the cabin of the Mayflower or in Boston town meeting, but on the farming, fighting frontier of all the colonies. Seaboard Massachusetts has never known such a thing as a social democracy; and in seaboard Massachusetts, as elsewhere, inequalities of wealth have made political democracy a sham. . . . Boston became the headquarters of the American Revolution largely because the policy of George III threatened her maritime interests.

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. . . When the crisis came in 1775, a minority of the merchants, alarmed at mob violence, preferred law and order to liberty and property; but the majority risked the one to secure the other—and gained both. . . . In consequence, the Revolution in eastern Massachusetts, radical in appearance, was conservative in character. . . . The Constitution of 1780 was a lawyers' and merchants' constitution, directed toward something like quarterdeck efficiency in government, and the protection of property against democratic pirates."

Then came economic depression, the chaos of the period following the Revolution, and, in 1786, Shays's Rebellion in western Massachusetts, the revolt of the "farming, fighting frontier" against the ruling class. Then the Federal Constitution, the answer of the ruling class to the conditions expressed by this rebellion: "In the struggle of 1788 over the ratification of the Federal Constitution, Massachusetts was a pivotal state. The voters returned an anti-Federalist majority to her ratifying convention. By various methods, enough votes were changed to obtain ratification. . . . The sectional alignment was significant. The coast and island counties of Massachusets proper cast 102 votes in favor, and only 19 against, ratification. The inland counties cast 60 in favor, 128 against. . . . Finally the convention ratified, by a majority of 19 votes out of 355."

Again, in his discussion of our neutral carrying trade during the Franco-British War of 1790, Mr. Morison gives us an unfamiliar aspect of our political traditions, and discloses that truth-telling faculty which happily is being revived by the younger school of historians: "New England Federalism believed that the main object of government was to protect property, especially commercial and shipping property. . . . It aimed to create and maintain in power a governing class, of educated, well-to-do men. Regarding Jeffersonian democracy a mere misbegotten brat of the French Revolution, New England Federalism directed its main efforts toward choking the parent, hoping thereby either to starve the progeny, or to wean it from an evil heritage. . . . British depredations on American commerce, in 1793-94, were irritating and costly. Other things being equal, maritime Massachusetts, a lusty young rival to the mistress of the seas, would have helped revolutionary France break British sea power. But other things were not equal. American democracy, that nine-lived feline which the merchants had petted in 1775—and repeatedly drowned since—now returned with a new lover, the battle-scarred French tomcat Jacobinism; and their amorous yowlings made sleep impossible for decent merchants in Franklin Square. . . . Finally, the Reign of Terror and the *politique de l'an III* seemed to confirm Burke's warning, that the French Revolution was an international menace. Embattled France became an object of horror and loathing, as now Soviet Russia. . . . 'Civilization' was the issue."

But these political sidelights are mere notes to the orderly development of the economic story. The enterprise is one of shipbuilding, seafaring, and trade; and the record of it unfolds naturally, from primitive beginnings in coasting sloops and schooners to noble and artistic ends in the great clipper ships of the 1850's. How the early conception of the "planters," the conception of the Old English manor transferred to New England, gave birth instead to the freehold community; how this community, struggling for a while to fulfil its agricultural intentions on the barren soil of the New England seaboard, soon discovered the impossibility of the task and turned its face to the sea; how "farming the sea" quickly came to engage the energy of this enterprising race; how the first brigs and tiny ships felt their way into trade with the West Indies; how the "sacred codfish" lay at the base of this trade; how trade begot a merchant marine, and a merchant marine begot new routes of trade; how natural and relatively slow was the development, deriving its strength from the growing needs, products, and labors of the community, building surely, keel by keel and counting-house by counting-house, on a solid com-

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mercial foundation; how the development was both hastened and interfered with by the vicissitudes of political fortune, a war on the one hand spilling untold riches into the lap of the active young merchant marine, an embargo on the other hand cutting off at one blow its very life's blood—all this is told simply, in economic terms, in lists of goods, in prices and freights, in names and descriptions of ships, with many a sure human touch to add reality.

The story goes on to recount the opening up of the China trade; the necessity for finding some commercial product to exchange with Canton, since New England herself produced nothing that the China market would accept; the discovery by the Boston ship Columbia of the possibilities of the Northwest fur traffic, and the exploitation of this traffic by the merchants of Boston, since Canton would take all the sea-otter skins that could be collected; the development by Salem, during the same period, of trade with the coasts of Africa, Mauritius, the Dutch East Indies, and the Malay Archipelago, first as a means of approaching the Canton market with goods to exchange, second as a means of monopolizing the direct pepper and spice trade; and the curious circumstance arising from these enterprises, that Boston thereafter for a generation approached the Far East via Cape Horn, the Pacific, and the Northwest Coast, while Salem, her next-door neighbor, carried on an equally thriving trade with the China Sea by way of the Cape of Good Hope and the Indian Ocean.

With a zeal born of loyalty to the true record, Mr. Morison is out to destroy many of the platitudinous beliefs of a landlubber public regarding our early merchant marine. He gives short shrift to the argument that our fishing fleet is a cradle for merchant sailors. On other points he is equally emphatic. "The Bay State, more seafaring in her taste (if one includes Maine) than any other American commonwealth, has never had a native deep-sea proletariat. Her fleets were manned by successive waves of adventure-seeking boys, and officered by such of them as determined to make the sea their calling. Never, save possibly at some colonial period, has the Massachusetts marine been one hundred per cent American. Not until 1817 did Federal law require two-thirds of a crew to be American. High wages and the ocean's lure pulled Yankee boys to sea. . . . For one of the chief attractions of seafaring was the high wages that were not only earned, but actually paid, in the Federalist period." These and other statements, familiar knowledge to the shipping world, but matters of illusion to the great shore public of today, are supported by facts and figures, to the confusion of many a popular fallacy.

From a nautical standpoint, the book is accurate and well informed. Mr. Morison has studied at the feet of sailors. His atmosphere is right, his feeilng for the sea is true. More than this, his use of nautical terms is fluent and correct. Only once does he betray himself, when speaking of a "sou'-easter." "Sou'-wester," yes, and "nor'-wester," but never, on the lips of a New England sailor, a "sou'-easter" or a "nor'-easter." When the wind swings around in the right way for a clear-off after a "no-oth-easter," it is a "sowth-easter" that is blowing up, the "ow" long-drawn, the "th" soft, a mere aspiration.

The way to write a suggestive book is not to sermonize. Mr. Morison has exercised admirable restraint; he leaves the reader alone with the economic story and its lessons. These lessons are various; but two of them stand out preeminently. The first is the world-old lesson that goods must be paid for in goods. The early merchants of Massachusetts had no illusions on this score. They could buy tea in Canton for silver, but the silver had first to be obtained from the sale of goods. The process would have been slow, inflexible, and commercially dangerous; it would have made their wealth static rather than dynamic, it would have been an evidence of commercial atrophy rather than of commercial well-being. The natural conditions of life and commerce did not permit it. These merchants did not attempt to adopt artificial conditions. They kept instead to the sound and simple principles of trade, turning over their

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or

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Of the translator Daniel De Leon, Nicolai Lenin said: "Lenin . . . showed the influence of De Leon, whose governmental construction on the basis of industries, fits admirably into the Soviet construction of the new state now forming in Russia. De Leon is really the first American Socialist to affect European thought." (Quoted by Arno Dosch Fleurot, New York *World*, Jan. 31, 1918.)

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capital, seeking goods to exchange for goods; and the search for goods gave their enterprise its scope, its daring, its energy, and its romance. The greatness of our early maritime development sprang directly from its adherence to economic law.

The second lesson is the importance of the personal equation. It was not by subsidies or any stimulation of paternalism that our deep-water carrying trade reached such surprising proportions, but rather through the personal initiative of our merchants, shipowners, and navigators. "It is the great care of the merchants to keep their ships in constant employ," wrote Edward Randolph in 1676, "which makes them trye all ports to force a trade, whereby they abound in all sorts of commodities, and Boston may be esteemed the mart town of the West Indies." This urge to "trye all ports," this inclination to venture a fortune on an unknown route rather than accept a modest increment on a certainty, this spirit of romance in trade, built up our merchants and their fleets of white-winged vessels, carried our flag to every port, and inspired the most remarkable maritime development in history.

LINCOLN COLCORD

Changing Literature

Literature in a Changing Age. By Ashley H. Thorndike. The Macmillan Company. $3.

THE phenomena which English literature exhibits in changing from its exclusive, institutional character, devoted to the cultivated interests of the few, to its present inclusive, universal appeal in serving the uses of the many, is the subject of Mr. Thorndike's book. The social influences under which the change took place are dealt with in his chapter on The Reading Public. The growth of popular education in the first third of the century whereby "reading has ceased to be an occupation of special classes and has spread to every rank and occupation" was accompanied by mechanical progress, in particular the application of steam to machinery, including the printing press. The changes in transportation made it possible to distribute books widely and rapidly as well as to produce them cheaply. Means of circulation such as newspapers and magazines multiplied, and circulating libraries came into existence. As Mr. Thorndike notes, these last constituted a definite means of public influence upon at least one great department of literature, for "the larger libraries were soon in a position to dictate what sort of fiction they wanted." But as he further concludes, in the face of this "prodigious enlargement of the reading public, wonder will be less at the amount of vulgarization of taste than at the dignity and elevation which literature has maintained during its expansion." The tradition of greatness in literature which had been inherited from the past remained powerful throughout the Victorian Age. In that respect literature retains an advantage over a new form of expression, such as moving pictures, which has sprung into instant and immediate favor with a vast and uncritical public. Literature as the result of its institutional past has historic standards and an artistic inheritance by virtue of which it remains what the moving picture perhaps never can become, a fine art.

This inheritance in the period which Mr. Thorndike discusses was immediately derived from the romantic movement of the early years of the century. That was the last age in which literature maintained its esoteric and institutional character. It was a period of philosophic belief in unity, and of romantic aspiration toward the ideal, of which belief and aspiration literature, particularly poetry, was the prophecy, and criticism the law. Mr. Thorndike dismisses with much acuteness the incompatibility of this theory of literature with the world that was coming into being, a world of enormously increased mechanical and social apparatus, production and wealth, education and public consciousness. He makes "the romanticist inheritance modified by a hostile environment of industry, democracy, and science" his formula for the examination of the development of literature in Victorian England.

To Carlyle Mr. Thorndike rightly gives a preeminent place among the Victorians. He is a brilliant example of the way in which the romantic inheritance was modified by the new environment created by the industrial, social, and intellectual revolution. For Carlyle conspicuously held the transcendental belief in the absolute, and the prophetic theory of literature, both modified by his recognition of the demands and problems of the new age. "He was the prophet who first summoned literature to look with imagination on the spectacle of the new day and to attack its problems with passionate earnestness." And he was certainly the major influence upon his contemporaries. To name his friends and disciples—Tennyson, Ruskin, Browning, Dickens, Arnold, Clough, Kingsley—is to read the roll-call of the early Victorians.

In the first third of the century the chief intellectual activity was philosophy. Carlyle represents the change in the second third to history as the most highly serious intellectual pursuit. Again, to quote Mr. Thorndike: "In the course of civilization Carlyle saw the procession of the spirit; and to history rather than to nature or natural man he turned for revelation of deity. Throughout his life he was engaged in a search of modern history in order to understand its moral significance for himself and for the world." From 1859, the year of the publication of "The Origin of Species," we may date the beginning of a third period of the century in which natural science came to be the intellectual background. Whereas history, in the light of Carlyle's example, had been regarded as the material fitted for the most dignified and epic enterprises in literature, and had given the content for the serious application of other forms in the historical novel, drama, and poetry, after the conquest of the intellectual world by the theory of evolution, biology, and its branches, psychology and sociology, furnished the loading of serious fiction and drama. This change seems to lack explicit recognition in Mr. Thorndike's book, though the effects of it are fully implied in his chapter on Science, Invention, Machinery.

Other chief phases of the transition are discussed under Progress and Poverty, Democracy and Empire, Religion, Woman, and Beauty and Art. All that Mr. Thorndike says in regard to these themes in literature is true and suggestive, but the reader becomes conscious of a good deal that is left unsaid. It is apparent that for Mr. Thorndike the age of transition is the first half of the Victorian period. His discussion of Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning is ample and explicit; but of the generations which succeeded them the notice is increasingly scanty. In the chapter on Woman, for example, the careers of Mrs. Norton and Miss Martineau are fully treated; the new attitude toward woman represented by George Eliot, Meredith, and Hardy is clearly indicated; but from that half of human fate represented by the whole revolutionary outbreak of sex in the early years of the twentieth century Mr. Thorndike averts his gaze. The great interest of sex in literature throughout the Victorian period was its renunciation in favor of society and conventional morality; its chief interest in the twentieth century has been in getting away with it in spite of convention. Of "the increased complexities of woman's opportunities" as typified by Dorothea Brooke and Diana Warwick, Mr. Thorndike is fully aware, but of the change from Maggie Tulliver to Anne Veronica he has nothing to say.

Something of the same lack of perspective occurs in the chapter on Religion, owing to the same cause. Mr. Thorndike notes with his usual acuteness the effect of evangelical discipline on the Victorians. "Carlyle, Newman, Macaulay, and Ruskin, children of a peasant, a banker, a philanthropist, and a wine merchant, all experienced it." His account of the warfare of faith with doubt as typified by Arnold, Clough, Froude, and Mill, which makes the great spiritual tragedy of the middle years of the nineteenth century, is excellent. When, how-

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ever, he appropriates to his period "both a sincerity and earnestness on the part of its great writers and an intuitive response to the real progress of true religion"; when he assures us that "whatever its [literature's] mistakes and inconsistencies, there is surely no hypocrisy in its loyalty to the larger faith"—he leaves us with an impression of spiritual triumph which in view of the subsequent development of the theme of religion in literature and in life is scarcely justified. He records optimistically his belief about the next generation, "that its writers will not fail to be concerned with mercy and righteousness, with faith, hope, and charity." Certainly they will be just as those of the present generation are; but the public has good grounds for suspecting that they will be talking bunk—unless Mr. Thorndike can show something to the contrary.

This curious ignoring of the Nemesis in which the Changing Age eventuated, and which may be said to shadow the whole period of warfare, concealed or open, between 1900 and 1920, permits Mr. Thorndike to take too often the point of view and tone of the Victorians whom he is discussing—a point of view and tone, it need not be said, quite at variance with the scholarly method and intelligent attitude of the book as a whole. Of the external development of literature and its changing relations to its public the book is an admirable record; in its account of the internal progress of literature as tested by the treatment of certain leading themes and aspects of life it is less satisfactory, chiefly because of a failure to deal boldly with contemporary phenomena as affecting the conclusions drawn from the past. The least satisfactory chapter, in consequence, is that on The Future, which needs to be preceded by one on The Present.

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Books for Children

BOOTH TARKINGTON has put the American "flapper" so vividly before us, in "The Intimate Strangers," that we are not surprised to come face to face with her English cousin in Sylvia Thompson's "The Rough Crossing" (Houghton Mifflin: $1.75). Elizabeth is the latest model in girldom. When she is nine and her mother says: "Daddy went away to America, and he's become horribly disagreeable and won't ever come back," young Elizabeth replies: "He's a horrible, stupid beast, and I shall write and tell him so"—after which the father of the family is promptly forgotten. Elizabeth, having made earlier New Year's resolutions to be unselfish, or to keep her temper, at fourteen resolves to become a "real flapper." Next year she founds La Société des Diablesses, each member of which must swear to worship the devil and all his works and to love the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. Small wonder that in this stage of development she scorns her teacher, who is "good, good, good, like feather-stitching on a flannel nightdress." Needless to say this keen study of an ultra-modern girl is less for daughter's Christmas stocking than for parents as an eye-opener.

There is comforting reassurance that we still have real little girls among us—the starry-eyed kind, with golden curls and scarlet tams—in the simple stories that are still written for girls. "Maida's Little House" (Huebsch: $1.75), by Inez Haynes Irwin, fulfils all the requirements of the modern fairy story. A millionaire's small daughter is the advanced type of fairy godmother, and is a much less exacting character than the old dame whose wand knew no happy mean between toads and diamonds.

An exceptionally good story for little girls is Alice Turner Curtis's "A Yankee Girl at Bull Run" (Penn: $1.50), in which the sympathies are nicely balanced, the setting has real atmosphere, and the characters are distinctly worth while. More commonplace are three serial stories, E. B. and A. A. Knipe's "The Luck of Denewood" (Century: $1.90), Grace Brooks Hill's "The Corner House Girls Among the Gypsies" (Barse and Hopkins: $1), and Lotta Rowe Anthony's "The Yellow Quill Girl" (Penn: $1.50), which deals with the camping experiences of a benighted little rich girl who at the age of fourteen first sees a sunrise and hears the birds sing.

For the next oldest sister Beth B. Gilchrist's "Kit, Pat, and a Few Boys" (Century: $1.75) is a wholesome story of the best sort of camp life, with a suggestive appreciation of unselfishness. Alice Ross Colver's "Babs at Home" (Penn: $1.75) and Aline Howard's "Captain Lucy in the Home Sector" (Penn: $1.75) are labeled "For Girls from 10 to 15." Few children of ten, however, would be much stirred by the tea-room and nursing love-affairs of these war-mad young women.

The war story has so nearly disappeared that perhaps the last of the race is Capt. Charles A. Botsford's "At the Front" (Penn: $1.75). The boy scout, on the other hand, is still going strong; in fact one scout bursts out two abreast: Russell Gordon Carter's "Bob Hanson, Tenderfoot" and "Bob Hanson, Scout" (Penn: $1.50 each), with the threat of a third volume in press. For more genuine adventure and the excitement incident to gold mining, the boy reader will turn enthusiastically to Perry Newberry's "Black Boulder Claim" (Penn: $2.50).

Boys who feel the importance of keeping abreast of "athletic literature" may drag wearily through the ever-familiar situations in Ralph Henry Barbour's "Kick Formation" (Appleton: $1.75); David Stone's "Yank Brown, Halfback" (Barse and Hopkins: $1); Frank A. Warner's "Bobby Blake on the School Eleven" (Barse and Hopkins: $1); and Joseph B. Ames's "Torrance from Texas" (Century: $1.75), though rumor says that the youth of the country are considering a project to pension and retire some of the overworked serial writers. Optimistic lads may even venture half-heartedly on those two large volumes which look so nice (to give away): "The Boy Scout's Year Book" (Appleton) and "The Boy Scouts' Campfire Stories" (Appleton: $2.50), both edited by Franklin K. Mathews. But for something worth while they will turn eagerly to George Inness Hartley's "The Boy Hunters in Demerara" (Century: $1.75), which transports the reader to the Mazaruni, and implants a hope in his breast that sometime he may paddle a dugout with William Beebe. In the meantime, the boy will carry this book in his pocket as an interpreter of the jungle exhibits at Zoo and Museum.

From jungle to ice-floe is but a step for a spirited boy, and under the guidance of Alan Sullivan's "Brother Eskimo" (Century: $1.75), adventure and comradeship are assured. This story of two Eskimo lads left to their own devices, by the parting of the ice, is rich with Northern lore, is conceived in a fine spirit, and told with pleasant humor.

The historical story, which is apt either to limp or to prance, marches sturdily in Frank and Cortelle Hutchins's "The Sword of Liberty" (Century: $1.75), with Lafayette once more the ever-beloved hero. A new freshness of color and personality, as if told by an eye-witness, characterizes this account of the American Revolution as seen by France, and of the French Revolution with its American contacts.

Bernard Marshall's "Cedric the Forester" (Appleton: $2.50) might be condemned unread, for the jacket bears the fatal words: "Another 'Ivanhoe.'" Pictures and tale alike are a blurred reflection of the work of that vigorous craftsman, Howard Pyle.

A real book is Mary R. Parkman's "Conquests of Invention" (Century: $2). The sketches of the inventors' lives are written and not compiled; the diagrams and descriptions are easily understood, and many a boy will find the volume an incentive to ingenuity as well as a reliable book of reference. Another stimulus to observation and study is Hallam Hawksworth's "The Strange Adventures of a Pebble" (Scribners: $1.60), which crowns geography and makes geology a member of the family circle. The delightful intimacy between author and subject, and between author and reader, puts reader and subject into friendly relations at once. Each informal chapter of the marvels of the earth's history is supplemented by a clever page called Hide-and-Seek in the Library, which induces the child to dip eagerly into those books whose titles are apt to be embalmed under the forbidding heading Bibliography. If for no other reason this book would be commended for its index, which comes personally introduced to young readers. An entire absence of index or intent stamps that cheerful conglomeration entitled Adam Gowans Whyte's "The Wonder World We Live In" (Knopf: $2.50) in which unrelated facts are assembled (probably to keep other people's children quiet on a rainy day) on the general principle: "Speaking of cats reminds me of catfish." Graves Glenwood Clark's "Tiny Toilers and Their Works" (Century: $1.75) shows our insect neighbors and their habits in so absorbing a manner that it will delight not only the young naturalist but fireside and schoolroom as well. Leonard Hulit's "Fishing With a Boy" (Stewart Kidd: $2) is a prize for the fisherman, be he young or old—a volume whose fly-leaf is likely to be inscribed at Christmas "Daddy and Jimmy—from each other."

MABEL HAY BARROWS MUSSEY

Happy Warriors

If Winter Comes. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Little, Brown and Company. $2.

THE high praise and wide popularity won by this story may be justified upon many grounds. Mr. Hutchinson is a cultured gentleman who writes agreeably and with ease. His manner is discursive without being slipshod and intimately chatty without losing the stride of formal literature. It ingratiates itself at once with the not too literate and the not too severe. Nor will the really severe be wholly excluded from the circle of Mr. Hutchinson's admirers. For they will not be able to overlook the clear and scrupulous portrait of Mabel Sabre and

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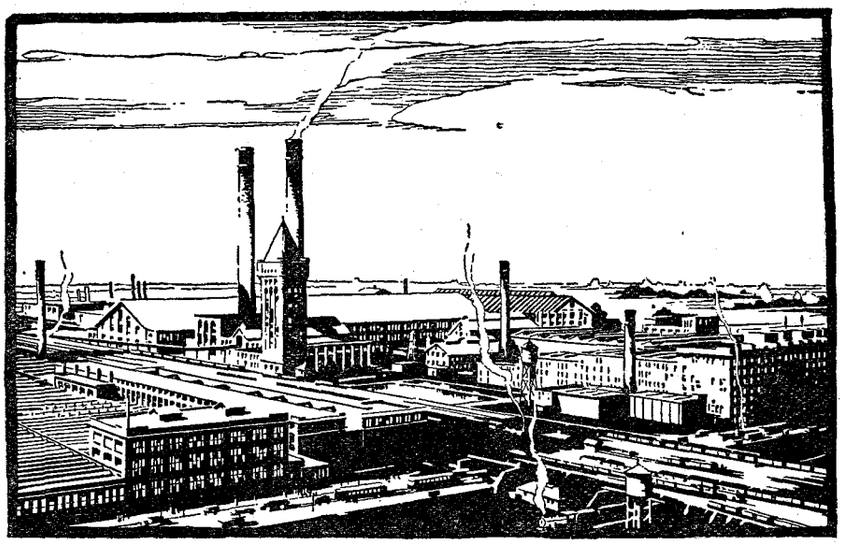

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of the relations between herself and her perturbing husband.

Of Mark Sabre, the protagonist of the book, they will, on the other hand, be forced to entertain some doubts. In the early part of the story he is most sympathetic and true. But he does not quite—despite his humanity, kindness, courage—live up to one's expectations of a man who, wholly unlike the ordinary human biped, was passionately fond of seeking out the causes of things. As the world flares up and is shaken to its foundations he seems to continue to do so. Actually, he does nothing of the kind. He is different, but never dangerously so; his rebellions never become alarming or searching. Thus he combines the crown of a mild martyrdom with the creditableness of an essential regularity. The crown, too, serves ultimately the ends of both profit and adornment and is but one of those several results of the war that make it possible for him to be united in the end to the sweetheart of his youth. The story, in brief, sedulously avoids grim spots and bitter moments and lets all things work together for the good of the characters on whom Mr. Hutchinson determined to bestow his favors.

We are quite aware of the question that the many thoroughgoing admirers of "If Winter Comes" will ask at once: Is a story to be condemned because it is, essentially, a happy story? No, it is not to be condemned. Nor do we grudge anyone the pleasure of a simple acceptance of Mr. Hutchinson's fable. The fact remains, that experience does not furnish easy happiness except to those who are, in the deeper sense, capable of neither it nor its reverse. Peace and power may be won and a resignation not without its own austere joys. But experience and reflection and the witness of great literature unite in proclaiming the final unreality of those representations of human life in which danger, disharmony, a troubling intricacy, a bitter insufficiency are shown as accidental and smoothness, easy adjustment, and the perfect coincidence of aspiration with the turn of events as normal to the life of men and women. It would be quite unjust to class "If Winter Comes" with the professionally "glad" books. The portrait of Mabel Sabre forbids that. But it is difficult not to believe that its popularity is due to its gliding rather than to its searching, to what it hides rather than to what it reveals, to the element in it represented by the comic maid-servants rather than to that represented by Mabel Sabre. L. L.

Art

Some American Water Colorists

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all these light rooms, glassed over and open and free in their feeling, all save John Marin and one or two seem to flee that to which water color is kin as fire is to the sun: light. There are the dim, muddy, misty, little sketches of the bad and silly old thumbnail period. There are sickeningly clever sketches with their Chinese white concealing the paper, done in water color so far as they will go and eked out in opaque pigment so far as they won't. Old and young, in the few or many specimens of their work, show their infirmities. One of our notables has the usual badly drawn figures which ought by way of compensation to be labeled "poetic," that evade and are nothing, as a man's eyes evade when he thinks of what he would rather not think of. There are fresh and thin little paintings of a young woman who might have matured had she not died, hung, by some irony of fate or the Museum director, opposite the Marins. The old John La Farge, one feels, had enough to say about those Tahitian greens with purple hills rising out of them; but he niggled and fussed and tipped and stippled and touched and worried his paper. In short, he was less than a tyro as a water colorist. J. Francis Murphy, too, of the older school haled from Barbizon, and one might have passed his three examples as sentimental oil paintings but for a second glance. Opposite the Sargent "masterpieces" are Winslow Homers—seen and put down without "flim-flam"—with the green translucent waters, the derelict hulk surrounded by sharks, and the palms of Homer's Florida or West Indian days, which he saw keenly with that inner eye peering so direct through his illustrator's manner.

Among the much-heralded younger men one turns to Dodge Macknight to find snapshots, snow scenes in blue and white, a purplish queerish color range, no real vivid color as water color can be, nor any depth, for he has looked neither deep enough into things to feel them nor has he felt deeply enough really to see. He has one hot little bit all flowered, and hot with red it seems at first, but the heat slowly turns to mere red and there is no heat or passion in it. On an opposite wall are the muted strings of Demuth, who paints and blots and whose light comes down to some submarine depth, and there he will, with the waters lapping and making ripples far overhead, display his flowers or boles of trees and spare New England houses. Rockwell Kent, too, is there. Unfortunately for him there was an exhibition of Blake water colors here recently. Of the lesser crew some have seen Marin and some have seen Macknight and many would better have looked into the green waters of Winslow Homer. For if we are told that America has done wonders in water color one wanders about the Brooklyn Museum where these wonders are exhibited until one comes to the Marin wall. Fourteen water colors by John Marin and thank heaven for them! Here is a man with himself in hand, a magnificent world to feast his eye upon, and as demanding a voice bidding him set forth and create as ever commanded any great artist. Here on this wall the sun bursts hot upon the world, silver rains beat upon the fields of Maine, ships and seas, rocks and skies are singing their song—or is it only John Marin with them in that corner of the brain where a poet stows the universe, singing?

He can sing you triumphs or somber songs of a silver bark at night upon a dark and rock-bound coast, flames and moonlights all of a key, in every key, all full color with paper and the run of color, brush stroke and pigment all given their due, working together for the delight of the eye, in accord, and for the refreshment of the spirit. Here is no huckster with so many dozen water color things to sell, but a man cramming his paper chock-full of humor or somberness, with a broad band of pink round the edge of his Maine landscape if he wants it there and the color all laughing upon the Maine houses. These are the paintings to be looked into, there is even a wind visible blowing over the landscapes, but above all there is depth: which is only another evidence to the eye that Marin is one, and his water colors are part of him, neither gesture nor pretense. Here is no evasion of the thing before him. He has wrestled

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with and mastered it, at its subtlest, its most fleeting and illusive, having no fear of colors nor of the trenchant broad sonance of a brush stroke. Shoe-brush, tooth-brush, sponge, or mop, what does it matter what Marin may have used. He draws like an etcher and he has looked at things in light; one suspects him of having looked even at the sun till he was half blind. At any rate here is John Marin, water colorist, king of them all, full of light, color, and laughter, and if America is to be touted for her water colorists there is no one to thank more than John Marin.

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN

Drama

Mid-Season

IN the theaters it is mid-season. Until the new year the managers sow; thereafter they hope to reap. This year the sowing has been more frantic than usual. Weeds were mistaken for flowers and the poor things died the moment they pierced the ground. There have also been distraction and division of interest and many exhibits, to change the figure, have drawn a less exorbitant number of spectators than the exhibitor hoped. A little sadly he says: "We played to only five thousand dollars last week." (In the theater one plays to dollars, observe, not to people!) He hopes the "show" will "pick up" toward Christmas and "play to capacity." He shakes his head. It is a bad season. What will people go to see? He conveys the notion that human nature is perverse and that he doesn't know what the world is coming to anyhow.

It is difficult to console him. Nor is it, perhaps, imperative. The critic who is least inclined to an easy optimism can yet take a less somber view. The season, as seasons go, has its heartening elements. An extraordinary number of feeble and stupid plays has been produced. But they have failed with the most encouraging promptness. Some glimmer of discrimination seems to have stolen into the dark minds of the crowd. If that discrimination has been fortified by a lack of cash, the latter circumstance has had, at least, so much virtue. It is a mistake to think that all spectators of foolish plays enjoy them uncritically. They have a free evening; perhaps they have guests; perhaps they are lonely; perhaps they are married people in a mood where aloneness together does not minister to spiritual harmony. They have dined. They scramble to the ticket-brokers. An analysis of a representative Broadway audience in regard to its motive and method of selecting a play would yield some fascinating results. It is clear, at all events, that tightness of money will tend to decrease the after-dinner scurrying to the playhouse as a refuge from emptiness or disharmony or as a social counter, and tend to encourage thought and deliberate selection and so the exercise of genuine liking and preference.

It is a fact, at all events, that from a critical point of view the season is a very good one. I have witnessed all the current openings and a surprisingly small number of plays of the worst kind has survived. On the other hand, Franz Molnar's "Liliom" is in its eighth month, and Somerset Maugham's "The Circle" is flourishing. So, in a more modest way, are Granville Barker's "The Madras House" and Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie" and "The Straw." Gilbert Emery's "The Hero" has closed. But I hope for a day when a six or seven weeks' "run" for a serious and subtle play will not be considered as negligible and discouraging as it is now. I am disappointed that "Ambush" closes at the end of its fifth week. Naked tragedy, however, is nowhere alarmingly popular. And though I value Frank Reicher's mind and art as highly as possible, I should still like to see "Ambush" given another chance with Richard Bennett in the leading part. Of the other American plays that are successful, of "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting" and "The First Year" and "Main Street," even of "Six-Cylinder Love" and "Dulcy," it may be said that they differ quite fundamentally from the raw melodramas and sticky sentimental comedies which, till but the other day, had so exclusive a hold on our popular theater. Each of these plays has grown out of some honest and not uncritical observation of life; each seeks sincerely to project such people as experience affords; each makes concessions to the theater but knows them as concessions. None can, without open insult and injustice, be classed with such successes of recent seasons as "The Storm," "The Name on the Door," "Daddies," "Buddies," "East is West," "The Broken Wing," or "Dear Me." Equal if not indeed higher praise can be given to those pieces of foreign origin that are clearly successful: first, of course, to the almost tragic "A Bill of Divorcement," but also to the subtle and intelligent "The Silver Fox" and to the genuine though unilluminated power of "The Claw." Nor should the prosperity of "Blossom Time" be forgotten in estimating the righteousness of the season and its audiences.

The most recent openings, although they include plays by both Arnold Bennett and A. A. Milne, cannot be said to add to the season's sum of beautiful or important drama. Mr. Bennett's "The Title" (Belmont Theater) is a satirical comedy wearily written and stodgily performed. Mr. Bennett's solid observation is there and his treacherous agility of theatric craftsmanship. But his energy and sparkle seemed to have failed him, and though the action is far less preposterous than in certain of his recent plays, one's assent is indifferent and without warmth. The question of title-mongering seems remote in itself and no display of creative or intellectual power brings it out of that remoteness within the circle of our human interests. Mr. Milne's "The Great Broxopp" (Punch and Judy Theater) has far more comic power. But Mr. Milne is determined to be whimsical, which is commonly but a polite word for sentimental. His sentimentality is never gross and obvious; it dulls the edge of his portrait of the great Broxopp and the latter's nationally advertised "beans for babies." Desiring not to be cruel Mr. Milne becomes soft, and brilliant comic possibilities are sacrificed to easy sympathy and a childish ending. Turning once more to the American drama we find "The Intimate Strangers" (Henry Miller's Theater) by the incredibly busy Mr. Booth Tarkington. It is a far better little play—his plays are all very little plays—than "The Wren" and is charmingly performed by Billy Burke. Frederic and Fanny Hatton are upon solider ground of observation and satire in "We Girls" (Forty-eighth Street Theater), an amusing treatment of a common human foible admirably produced and acted. "The Man's Name" (Republic Theater) by Eugene Walter and Marjorie Chase and "Nature's Nobleman" (Apollo Theater) by Samuel Shipman and Clara Lipman serve to remind one that melodrama of the rawest kind and sentimental comedy of the soggiest are still busily manufactured, that either or both may succeed, and that we may wake up some fine morning with all our hopes crushed and all our brave predictions come to nothing.

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